EERIE 8

Illustrated tales of fantastic Terror!!

EERIE

PDC

MAR
NO. 8

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

this issue:
"Demon Sword"

ALL YOU *FRENZIED FRAMERS* READY FOR YET ANOTHER *PULSATING PIN-UP* TO SHARE A TREASURED SPOT ON THE SIDE OF YOUR GRAVE? THEN, GET READY TO GRAB THIS *LOATHSOME LATEST* FROM THE GLOOMY CONFINES OF THE...

EERIE MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 7 -- DEMON!

THE DARKNESS OF A SECRET PLACE GLOWS SUDDENLY WITH A FLASH OF FIRE AND SMOKE, AND THE AIR IS RIFT WITH THE ODOR OF SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE ... USING TERRIBLE INCANTATIONS FROM FORBIDDEN VOLUMES OF NECROMANIAC LORE, A ***DEMON*** IS SUMMONED FORTH! BEASTIAL SERVANTS OF SATAN HIMSELF, WHO MUST IN TURN SERVE THOSE WHO CALL THEM, UNTIL SUCH TIME A MISTAKE MAY BE MADE, AND THEY CAN TURN WITH ALL THEIR FURY ON THEIR SUMMONER!

ART BY ANGELO TORRES

EERIE

NO.8

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Frank Frazetta **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

Enclosed are four dollars for a year's subscription to EERIE and CREEPY. This is my way of showing you how much I like your mags. EERIE No. 7 was the best issue you've put out yet. The cover by Frazetta was the best I've ever seen on any magazine. Both the painting and the layout were perfect. The best stories in this issue were "Witches' Tide", "It That Lurks", and "Fly". I've noticed lately you've had more dialogue in your stories. I think this makes them better, and I hope you keep it up.

Yours are the first magazines I've ever subscribed to, and if you come out with another great mag, I can guarantee it won't be the last.

Chuck Turnbull
Kearny, N.J.

Being the blackhearted greedy fiend I am, Chuck, I can't think of a better way for you to have shown your appreciation, and we'll keep working to improve each issue and snag you for a lifetime—CE

. . . My favorite stories this issue were "Witches' Tide", "Hitch-Hike Horror", and "The Defense Rests". Johnny Craig is a very good artist. I hope you will use him in future issues. Will you let him do the cover of your next issue? I sure hope so!

For once I can say EERIE is better than CREEPY! "Cry Fear, Cry Phantom" made my blood crawl. Jerry Grandenetti is a fairly good artist. By the way, keep up the good work!

Eric Nenonen
Sault Ste, Marie, Can.

With the cutthroat competition I get from old skindome, Eric, I HAVE to keep up the good work, but thanks for giving me the edge over him this time —CE

I remember a few years ago when I first heard of CREEPY. It was in a prominent fanzine, which described CREEPY as "unreadable trash that no amount of artwork could help!" For this reason I didn't start the habit until issue No. 9, and I was never so impressed by a magazine. HOWEVER, those issues were nothing compared to the latest EERIE and CREEPY! The overall quality, set off by the Frazetta covers, was absolutely superb. Johnny Craig certainly conjured up a splash page for his "unveiling". I bet there were a lot of "Oh sure, why didn't I see that before" 's when people read about him and "Jay Taycee". Did he do the face on page 26 in pencil? The Adkins story was really beautiful, but those faces looked like Joe Kubert. Ditko gets better every month. Cast my vote against BLAZING COMBAT style covers. Why doesn't Frazetta do stories? I was thinking, what a whole story in color would look like, done like your covers, by F.F. Is this feasible? Is there any way at all to obtain original art?

Gabe Eisenstein
Chicago, Illinois

I don't know if there's enough room left on the page to answer ALL those questions, Gabe, but . . . yes, the Craig splash was done in pencil. Fiendish Frank is too tied up with illustration to do inside stories (we'd love to have him do them as much as you). Jim Warren is still in a dead faint at the thought of the cost for doing a story in the painted style you suggested (but don't feel too bad, it's one of the few chances for rest he's had). And finally, it's impossible for us to sell, trade or give away original artwork (besides, I couldn't stand all these bare mausoleum walls)—CE

At first glance, EERIE No. 7's cover really shocks a person! Without the blurb, it would have had more class. Thanks for dropping "New Terror in the Creepy Tradition" from the cover. We all know that both mags share excellent authors and artists, and they're both magnificent Warren Publications.

Gray Morrow's version of the hydra and Hercules reminds me a lot of Jack Kirby's monstrously muscled figures. Great artwork!

"It That Lurks" is the second best drawn yarn in the whole book. Dan Adkins' art is wonderfully refreshing to look at. Only Wally Wood (whose art seems to me to be a lot like Adkins') and Steve Ditko outclass this man. "Fly" was well written by our pal Arch, but it wasn't as suspenseful as "The Defense Rests". The balloonless panels in "The Defense Rests" set off the art. More! Encore! Good ol' Goodwin's warped imagination (a compliment, I think) had an unexpected surprise for us all in "Hitchhike Horror" and Hector Castellon isn't a bad artist. Speaking of new artists in your mag, Donald Norman captures the imagination with his art, because he seems to create an odd effect by using white lines as much as dark lines, if you get the point. Thanks for all your terrible efforts!

Brother Brute
Edmonton, Can.

That effect is called "Scratchboard" and involves the artist's scratching the white areas into a black coated surface as opposed to pen and ink where they are putting black on white paper, or maybe its—Oh well, it made sense when the artist explained it to me, take my word for it—CE

I really enjoyed issue No. 7. That fabulous, fantastic, fiendish Frazetta cover was one of the best and most atmospheric he's ever done. However, the cover story itself didn't live up to Frazetta's painting. I thought the best story in the issue was "It That Lurks". Thank heavens you've made Dan Adkins a staff member! Next to Frazetta, he's the best artist of his kind.

"The Quest" was another of my favorites. Donald Norman is also a great artist I particularly liked those devilish vampires! "Hitchhike Horror" and "Cry Fear, Cry Phantom" were also good. Archie Goodwin writes stories containing enough shattering suspense for a Hammer film. I also like Jerry Grandenetti's art.

Bruce Hollenbeck
Valatie, N.Y.

You'll want to check out Jolting Jerry's "Type Cast" in this issue—CE

When EERIE No. 6 hit the stands, I decided, out of sheer boredom, to buy it. After I'd finished re-reading (about 5 or 6 times), I decided to become an EERIE collector. After waiting 3 long months (which I think is rather strange since it's supposed to be published bi-monthly), issue No. 7 came out. *I bought it too* and now I am addicted to your fabulous magazine. The best story by far in No. 7 is "Hitch-Hike Horror". Only one question . . . Why don't you print the salutation in your letter pages?

Larry Farley
Scarborough, Ontario

For two reasons, Larry. The title to the letters page acts as a salutation and it would mean using up one line per letter, which, assuming we run around 10 letters, would mean almost one more whole letter that wouldn't get printed and we want to print as many as possible—CE

You idiots have a good thing going for you, so don't press your luck. Issue No. 7 was sad. Writer Goodwin is overburdened with work and tends to sag. "Hitch-Hike Horror" was nauseating . . . But Frank Frazetta is bosser than Leonardo Da-Vinci.

Michael Grochowski
Hastings-o-Hudson, N.Y.

To relieve our sagging editor, we sent him on a week's vacation, Mike, so perhaps he won't be so overburdened when he gets back (at least, not until he sees all the work that's piled up while he's been gone) —CE

The cover of issue No. 7 fit the title of your book. It's the best cover you've ever had! "Hitch-Hike Horror" was really a good story. "Witches' Tide" and "The Quest" were my favorites, though. Eugene Colan did a tremendous job on "Witches' Tide". Donald Norman also did quite well on "The Quest".

David Phillips
Peoria, Illinois

It's slowly beginning to dawn on me that there was something about Frenzied Frazetta's cover last ish that everyone liked—CE

You're groovey, you've got a real cool mag! Your fiendish relative can't even come close to you! I've got just one suggestion . . . Would you please, please have some more old time monsters?

Gary Parks
Dayton, Ohio

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 8, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

ART BY EUGENE COLAN/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

"...JUST BECAUSE OUT OF ALL THE OPTOMETRISTS IN THE CITY, I HAD TO PICK GENIAL DR. BRYANT..."
GUESS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN A LONG TIME BEFORE, BUT IT SEEMS KIND OF SILLY IN MY RACKET...A NEARSIGHTED PRIVATE EYE!
YOU WON'T MIND GLASSES ONCE YOU'RE USED TO WEARING THEM, MR. DONOVAN. I HARDLY NOTICE WHEN I HAVE MINE ON! YOU'LL SEE WHEN I GET THESE ON YOU...
PRTVECN
THERE! HOW'S THAT?!

WHAT TH... MY GOD, I...I...
SOMETHING WRONG, MR. DONOVAN? ANY ADJUSTMENT YOU'D LIKE ME TO MAKE? MR. DONOVAN... MR. DONOVAN?
"CALL IT SIXTH SENSE, CALL IT INSTINCT FROM YEARS IN THE BUSINESS... BUT SOMETHING KEPT ME FROM SAYING ANYTHING OR STALLING AROUND IN THAT PLACE..."
N-NO... NO! EVERYTHING'S JUST RIGHT... GOTTA GET USED TO WEARING SOMETHING LIKE THIS... FELT A LITTLE STRANGE, THAT'S ALL!
I MUST BE FLIPPING OUT! T-THAT THING I SAW WITH THE GLASSES ON... BRYANT... NOBODY COULD LOOK LIKE THAT!
"FOR SOME REASON, I COULDN'T STOP FROM SHUTTING MY EYES AS THE GLASSES WENT ON AGAIN... I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO OPEN THEM, BUT FINALLY..."
"OUTSIDE, IN THE LATE AFTERNOON LIGHT, IT ALL SEEMED PRETTY SILLY... I DUCKED INTO THE NEAREST ALLEY TO GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE TO THINK..."
NOTHING! MUST'VE BEEN NERVES IN BRYANT'S OFFICE... ANXIETY ABOUT GETTING THEM...

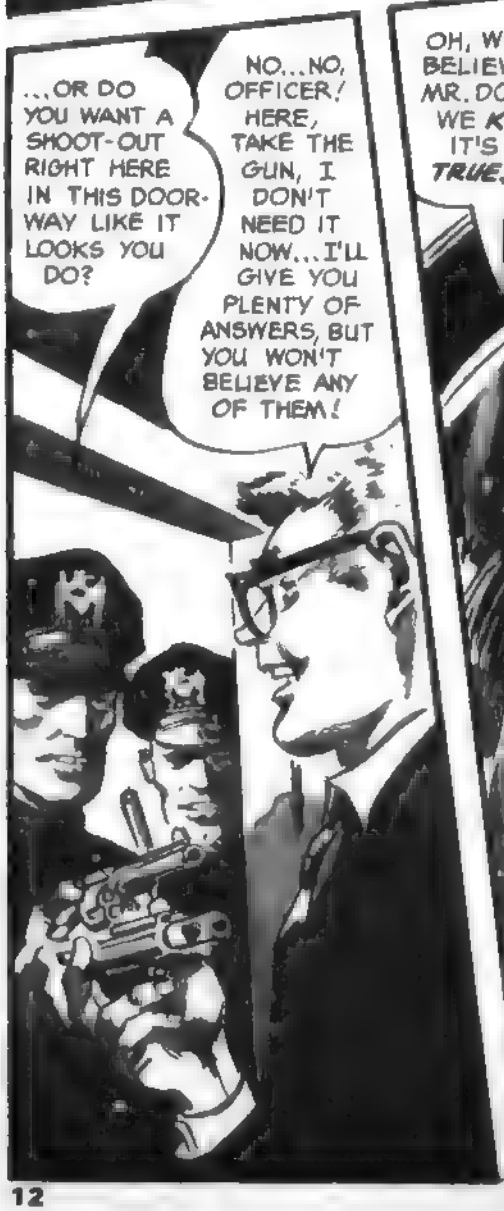
"I WAS STILL EXPLAINING IT ALL TO MYSELF WHEN SOMETHING ENTERED MY FIELD OF VISION MOVING QUICKLY..."
OH, LORD, IT JUST CAN'T BE... IT...
"THE SIGHT WAS ALL THE INCENTIVE I NEEDED TO PULL THE GLASSES OFF AGAIN... WHAT REMAINED FOR ME TO SEE WASN'T MUCH LESS PUZZLING..."
IT WAS BRYANT! HAS TO BE... THE CLOTHES WERE THE SAME! AND SOMETHING'S GOT HIM PRETTY UPSET...
"SO UPSET, THAT HE MADE IT THE EASIEST TAILING JOB I EVER TRIED... EASY BECAUSE I HAD NO IDEA WHAT IT WAS GOING TO LEAD ME TO... OR MAYBE I WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE!"
THIS CEMETERY HASN'T BEEN IN USE IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS... WHAT POSSIBLE BUSINESS COULD AN OPTOMETRIST...?
"ALL TOO SOON, I BEGAN TO FIND OUT..."
... BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! YOU KNOW IT'S SOMETIMES NECESSARY TO AUGMENT OUR HUMAN FORM VISION, IT'S WHY I WAS MADE AN OPTOMETRIST...
AND IS IT NECESSARY TO MAKE SURE THEY FALL INTO THE HANDS OF TRUE-HUMANS?! IT'S TAKEN EONS TO WORM OUR WAY FROM THE SUB-LEVEL PRISONS THAT HAVE HELD US SINCE PRE-HISTORY...
...CENTURIES TO RESTORE TO LIFE LONG DEAD BODIES FOR USE AS HOSTS TO INFILTRATE OUR WAY INTO SURFACE LIFE...TO BREAK BINDING SPELLS OF OF DEFEATS LONG PAST...TO RISE TO CONQUER...

"WITH THE GLASSES, IT WAS ALL REVEALED TO ME... THE DANK CONFINES OF THE MAUSOLEUM SWARMED WITH THE LOATHESOME ENTITIES OF A TERRIBLE AGE FORGOTTEN BY MAN... THIS WAS THE WAY STATION BETWEEN THE HELL THEY HAD ESCAPED AND THE WORLD THEY MEANT TO RAVAGE!"
...ALL THIS YOU JEOPARDIZE WITH YOUR BLUNDERING! THERE CAN BE NO EXPLANATION... NO EXCUSES... ONLY PUNISHMENT!
N-NO... DON'T TAKE AWAY MY HOST-BODY... DON'T MAKE ME RETURN TO THE NOTHINGNESS BELOW...
"MY GAZE SHIFTED ABOVE THE GLASSES TO GLIMPSE THE HUMAN FORM OF BRYANT AS IT BEGAN SLOWLY TO SMOULDER AND CRUMBLE... DISSOLVING INTO THE THING OF DECAY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN BEFORE GIVEN LIFE BY THESE BEINGS OF DARKNESS..."
DON'T... DON'TTTTTT!!
"...AND WITH IT CRUMBLED THE CREATURE THAT HAD WORKED WITHIN!"
NOW! FIND THE HUMAN... DESTROY HIM! AND DON'T THINK IT WILL BE EASY... WHILE HE WEARS THE GLASSES, WE HOLD LITTLE ADVANTAGE... ACT QUICKLY!

"A THOUSAND ETERNITIES PASSED AS I CROUCHED IN FEAR, WAITING AS THAT GHASTLY HORDE TRAILED OUT INTO THE CLOAKING DARKNESS...
IF I CAN GET INSIDE... IT'S THE LAST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK FOR A WHILE...
"ONCE INSIDE THE MUSTY INTERIOR, I WAS MORBIDLY DRAWN TO THE HIDEOUS REMAINS I HAD ONCE KNOWN AS DOCTOR BRYANT...
THEY CAN APPARENTLY KILL ONE ANOTHER... PERHAPS HUMANS CAN KILL THEM ALSO AND...
SO! YOU DARE THINK TO HIDE HERE?!!
"...AND NOT HAVING TO FACE THE TRUE HORROR OF THE HUMAN APPEARING THING I FOUGHT, REFLEXES WERE ENOUGH..."
"AS MY PETRIFIED SENSES FAILED ME, REFLEXES TOOK OVER..."

"AN ANIMAL FURY SWEPT THROUGH ME AND I SEIZED THE ONLY WEAPON AT HAND AND FELL UPON THAT TERRIBLE EVIL WHILE THE ADVANTAGE WAS STILL MINE..."
WUNK!
IT'S DECOMPOSING... JUST LIKE THE OTHER! THEY CAN BE KILLED!
"THEN I RAN... NOT DARING TO STOP FOR HELP, KNOWING I MIGHT STUMBLE UPON MORE OF THEM... ALL THE WAY HOME!"
GOT TO GET TO MY APARTMENT.. HOLE UP THERE... BE ABLE TO FIGHT BACK...
NOW, YOU WANT ME TO LET YOU IN... ALL RIGHT! YOU GET ONE CHANCE TO SHOW ME THOSE UGLY DEMON FACES, THEN DIE!

COPS! BUT...BUT I THOUGHT...
WE TRAILED YOU FROM THE OLD CEMETERY, DONOVAN... THERE'S BEEN ODD STUFF GOING ON THERE... WE WANT SOME ANSWERS ABOUT IT...

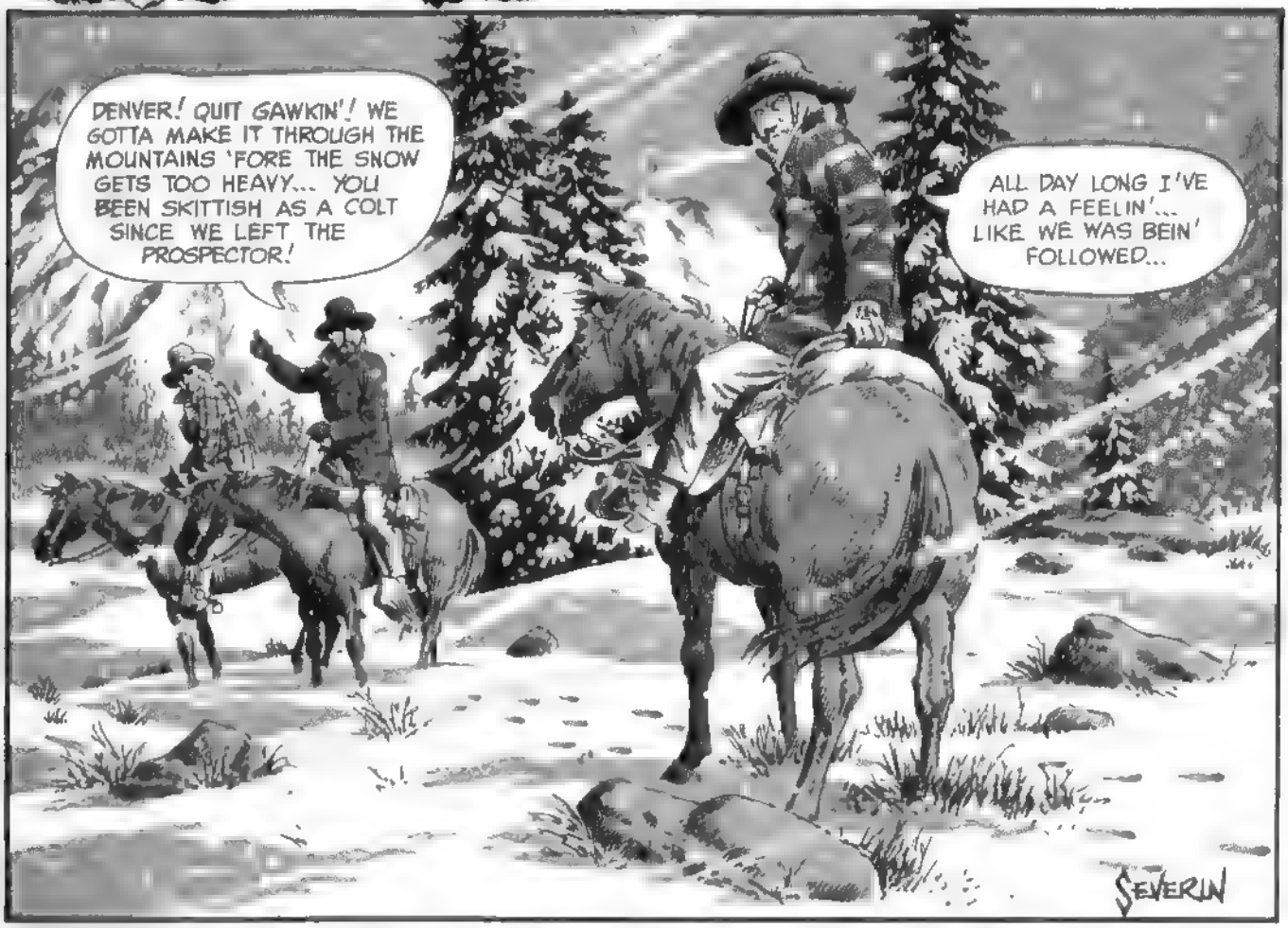

...OR DO YOU WANT A SHOOT-OUT RIGHT HERE IN THIS DOORWAY LIKE IT LOOKS YOU DO?
NO...NO, OFFICER! HERE, TAKE THE GUN, I DON'T NEED IT NOW...I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF ANSWERS, BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THEM!

OH, WE'LL BELIEVE YOU, MR. DONOVAN... WE KNOW IT'S TRUE!
N-NOOOO! IT CAN'T BE... I WOULD HAVE SEEN... THE GLASSES...
BAM
BAM

...WOULD HAVE SHOWN YOU! CORRECT, EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT, MR. DONOVAN...
...THE GLASSES YOU PICKED UP IN THE MAUSOLEUM WERE THE ONES BRYANT HAD WORN! NOT THE LEAST BIT SPECIAL!
AH, WELL, THERE GOES HUMANITY'S CHANCE...ALL SHOT! FROM NOW ON, KIDDIES, BETTER TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT WHO'S NEXT TO YOU... IT MIGHT NOT BE WHO YOU THINK!

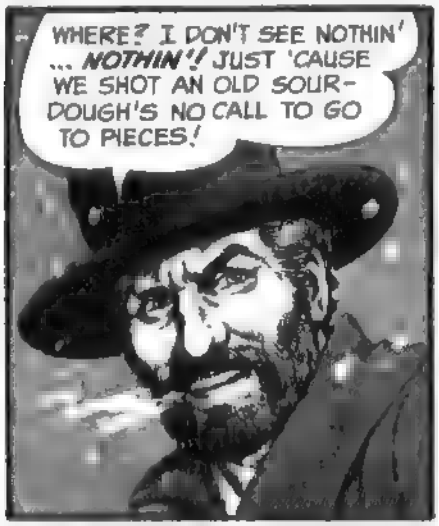
IT'S WEIRD WESTERN TIME IN THE *EERIE* CORRAL, FEAR FOLLOWERS... TAKE A WRITHING RIDE WITH ME ALONG THE TERROR TRAIL WHICH WE'LL BE SHARING WITH THE...

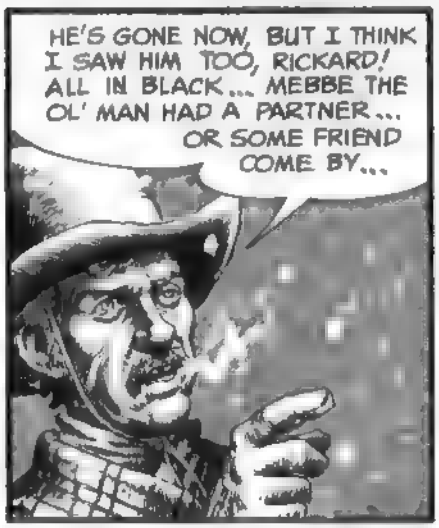
DARK RIDER!

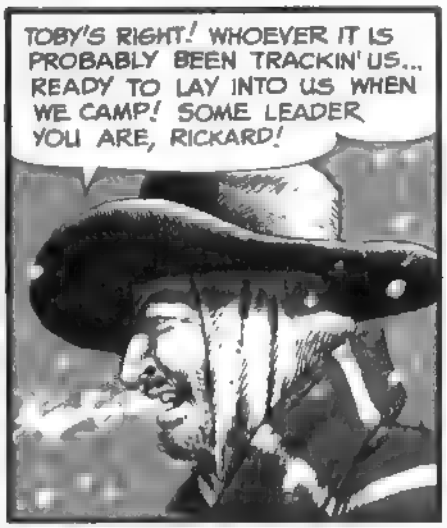


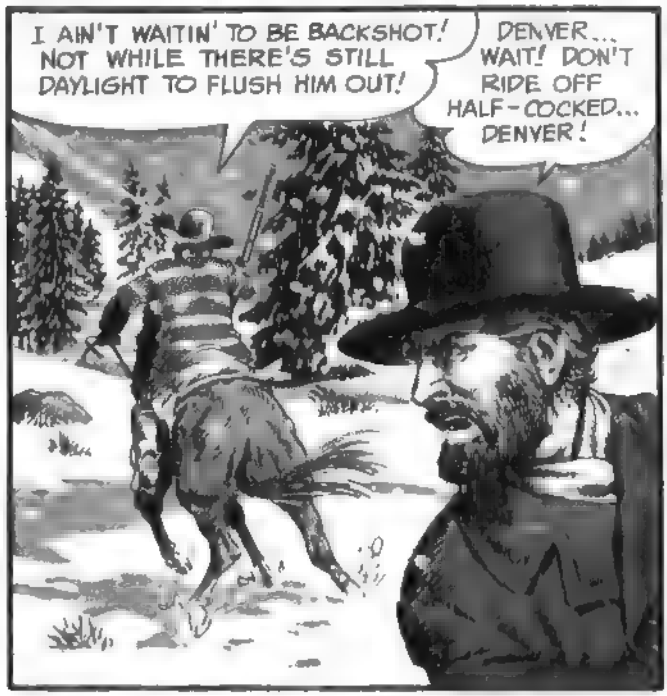
THE DAY HAD BEEN BORN DARK AND BLEAK, A CONSTANT TWILIGHT... NOW THE MOUNTAIN WIND ROSE, WHISTLING AND BITING AT THE BACKS OF THE THREE HORSEMEN CARRYING WITH IT THE FIRST FLAKES OF FALLING SNOW TO HAMPER AND OBSCURE VISION...

ART BY JOHN SEVERIN/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN



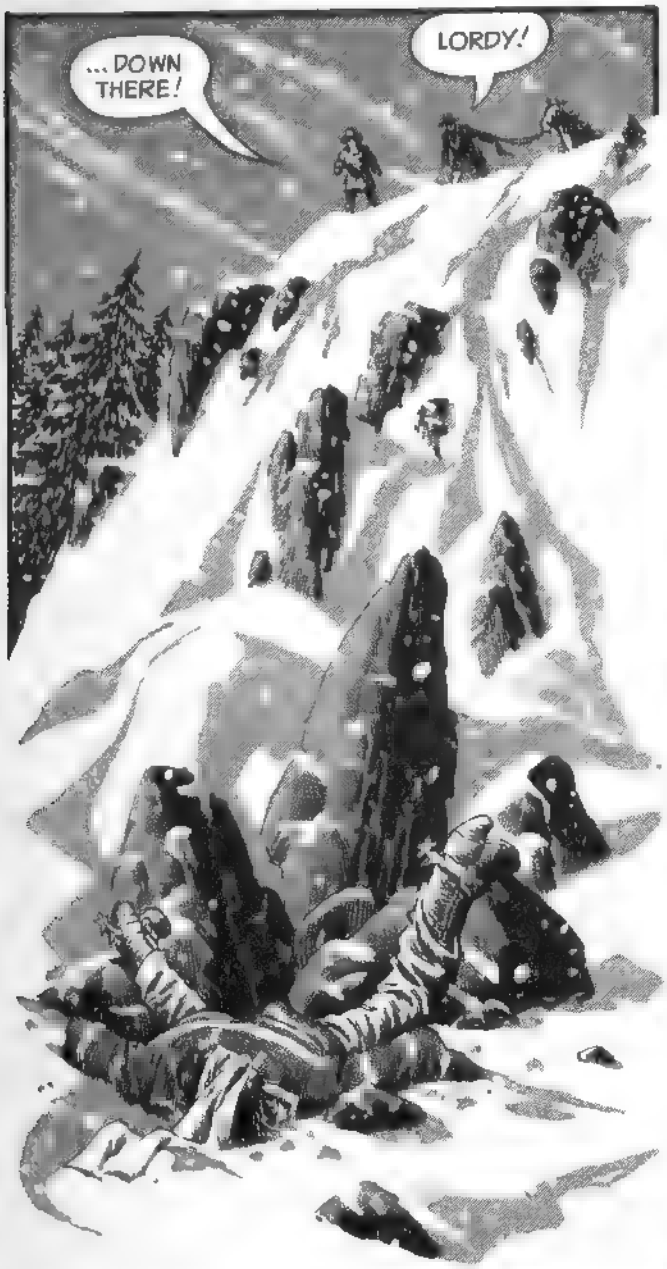






RICKARD'S WORDS WERE LOST ON THE WIND LEAVING ONLY THE VAPOR OF HIS BREATH IN THE COLD AIR AS DENVER RODE OUT OF SIGHT. THE FALLING SNOWFLAKES GREW LARGER AND FELL STEADILY...

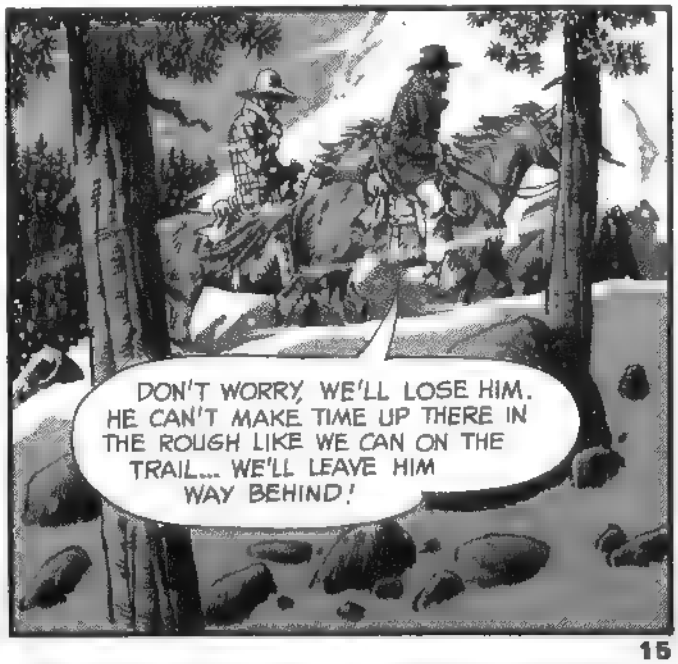
CAUTIOUSLY, THE TWO MEN URGED THEIR MOUNTS OVER ROCK AND SNOW, SEEKING THE TRUE DIRECTION OF THE SCREAM NOW ECHOING THROUGHOUT THE SURROUNDING PEAKS!


...DOWN THERE!
LORDY!

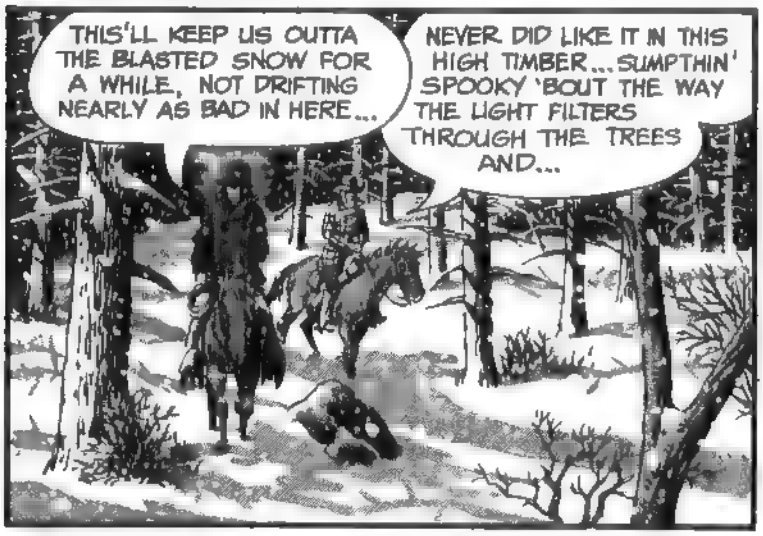
TWO ROUNDS FIRED... HORSE MUST'VE SPOOKED WHEN HE STARTED FIRIN' AN' THREW HIM OVER...
RICKARD! UP THERE... ALONG THE EDGE OF THE PINES! IT'S HIM AGAIN...

...THE RIDER!

@☆#▲* IT! GONE 'FORE I COULD GET OFF A SHOT! MUST'VE DUCKED BACK IN THE TREES!
RICKARD, LET'S GIT OUTTA HERE ...AWAY FROM HIM!

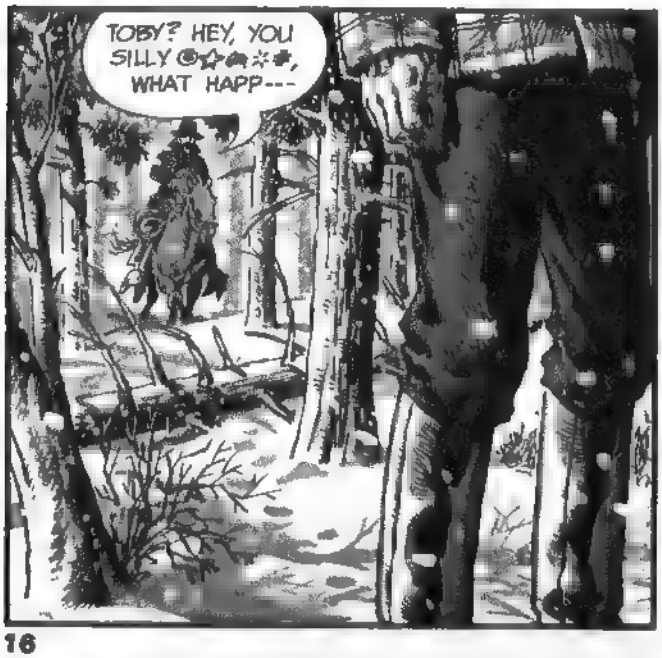

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL LOSE HIM. HE CAN'T MAKE TIME UP THERE IN THE ROUGH LIKE WE CAN ON THE TRAIL... WE'LL LEAVE HIM WAY BEHIND!

BOTH MEN PUSHED THEIR MOUNTS HARD OVER THE WINDING, SLIPPERY TREACHERY OF THE NARROW MOUNTAIN TRAIL, UP AND DOWN THROUGH HIGH DANGEROUS STRETCHES AND LOW SHELTERED AREAS...

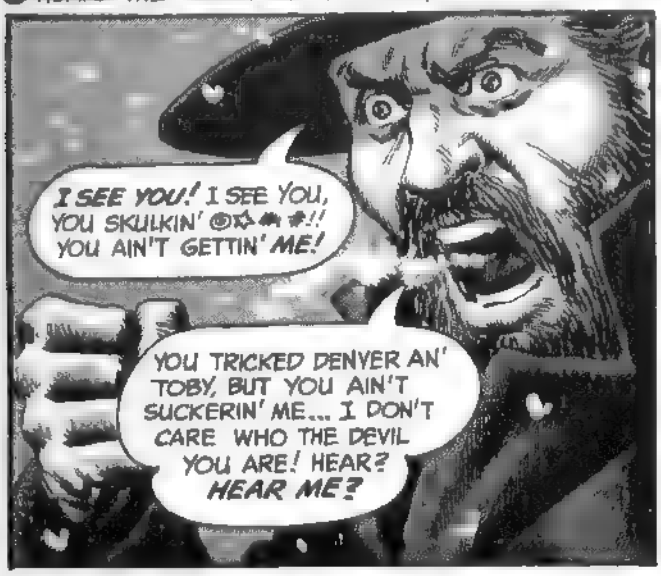


WITH A CRY, TOBY SUDDENLY PUT THE SPURS TO HIS HORSE, CHARGING FORWARD AT BREAKNECK SPEED...

TOBY WAS OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE RICKARD COULD FINISH SHOUTING. IT WAS ALL HE COULD DO TO FOLLOW THE CRASHING SOUND OF TOBY'S HORSE AS IT RACED THROUGH THE TIMBER, UNTIL...

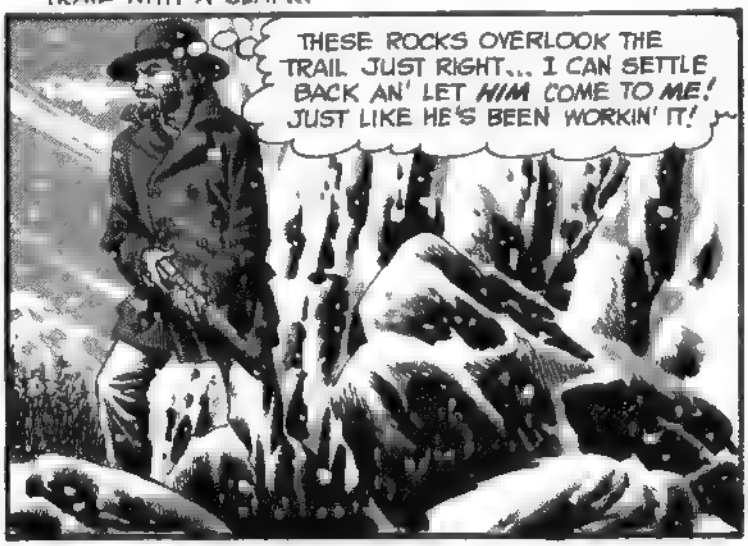


SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE, RICKARD THOUGHT HE HEARD THE SNORT OF A HORSE, AND...

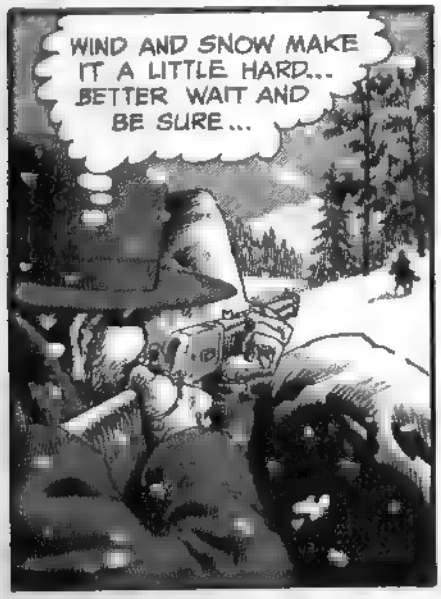


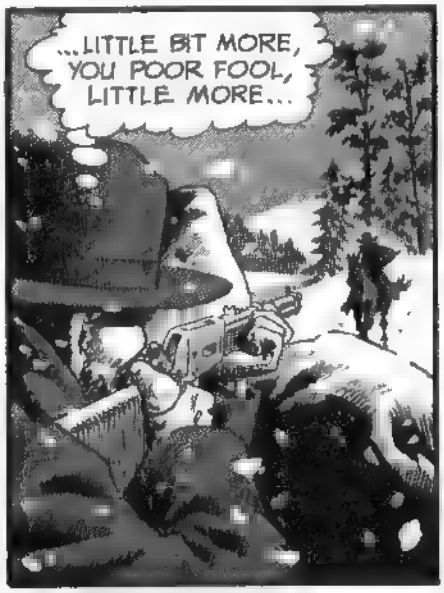
RICKARD PLUNGED OUT OF THE TIMBERLAND, BACK TO THE ICY DESOLATION OF THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, DETERMINED TO LEAVE BEHIND THE PERSISTENT RIDER IN BLACK... ONLY TO BE TORTURED EACH STEP OF THE WAY BY THOUGHTS OF HIS DOGGED PURSUER...

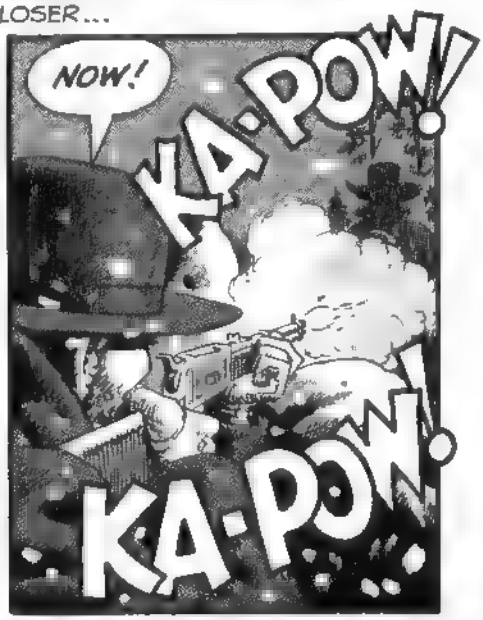
DISMOUNTING, RICKARD SENT HIS HORSE ON ALONG THE TRAIL WITH A SLAP...



FROM THE DISTANCE CAME THE SLOW ECHOING CLATTER OF A LONE HORSE'S HOOVES... WOOD AND METAL OF THE RIFLE WERE LIKE ICE, BUT RICKARD'S PALMS WERE MOIST WITH SWEAT... THE INSIDE OF HIS MOUTH WAS LIKE COTTON AS HE LINED UP THE TARGET COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER...





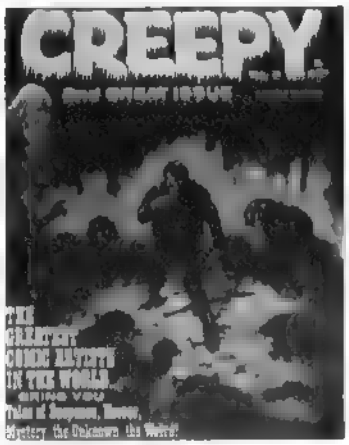


THE SOUND OF THE RIFLE FIRE REBOUNDED OFF THE SURROUNDING CLIFFS GROWING TO A ROAR OF CANNONS AND ANSWERED BY ANOTHER ROAR EVEN MORE TERRIBLE...

IN TIME, THE SOUND FADED. RICKARD LAY WITH THE WEIGHT OF A MOUNTAIN ON HIM... BREATH, LIKE LIFE, SQUEEZING OUT OF HIS NUMB BODY... THROUGH BLURRED, TORTURED EYES, HE SENSED A DARK FIGURE DISMOUNTING, MOVING NEARER...

GET THEM NOW—CREEPY BACK ISSUES & SUBSCRIPTIONS

Collector's Edition #1

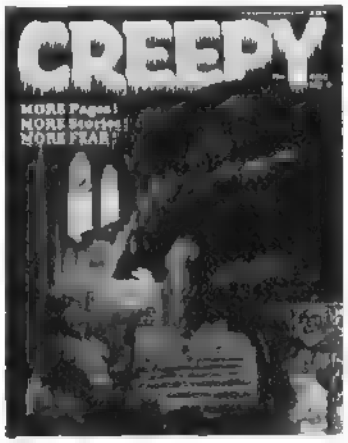


Second Great Issue #2

Thrilling Issue #3

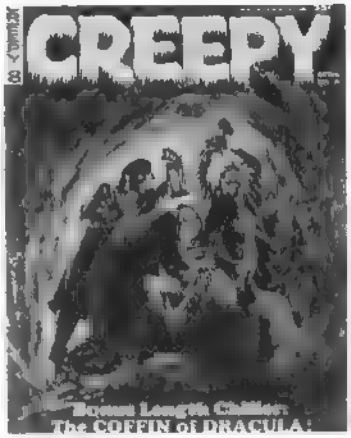
Fantastic Issue #4

Fiendish Issue #5



Shocking Issue #6

Screaming Issue #7



Jolting Issue #8

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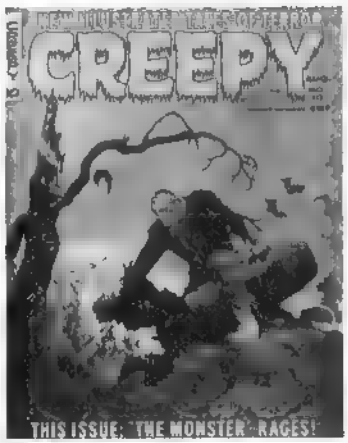

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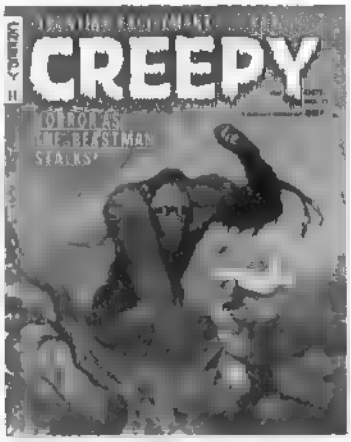
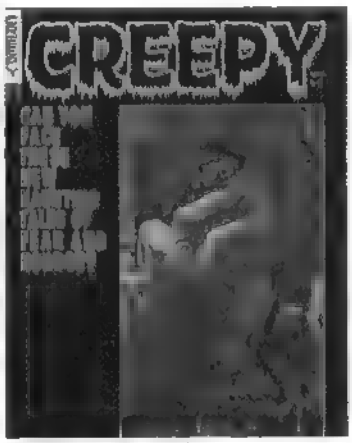


Haunting Issue #11



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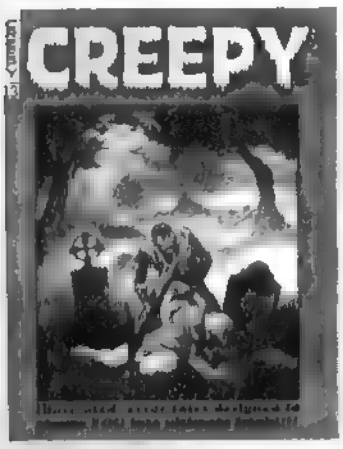

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PROLOGUE: The director thoughtfully tapped the sheath of papers in his hand, then, smiling warmly, looked up at the man entering his office...
JUST HAVING ONE LAST LOOK AT THE BOARD'S RECOMMENDATION, ROLAND ...IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, BUT YOU'VE FINALLY MADE IT!
OVER THIRTY YEARS, SIR...HARD TO BELIEVE!
THAT'S ALL PAST NOW, YOU'VE GOT THE FUTURE TO THINK OF...ANYTHING LINED UP, ROLAND?
SOME FRIENDS FROM THE OLD DAYS THINK THEY HAVE SOMETHING, BUT...WELL...I'M NOT SURE... THIRTY YEARS...
NONSENSE, MAN! YOU'RE HEALTHY...FIT...SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY, WRING THE FULLEST OUT OF WHATEVER COMES YOUR WAY! THAT'S MY ADVICE...
...I EXPECT TO BE HEARING BIG THINGS ABOUT YOU, ROLAND, IN FACT, I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!
THANK YOU, SIR. I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU!
GRANDVIEW INSANE ASYLUM

Now, MERRY MONSTERS, let's look back some thirty years and find out the GHOULISH GOSSIP on Roland Bryce... It's a startling story of the SILVER SCREAM which I call...

TYPECAST!

NOW...AT LAST VENGEANCE SHALL BE MINE!

CUT! SORRY, ROLAND, BUT CAN'T YOU GET MORE SPIRIT INTO IT?

I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF THIS! NO REAL ACTOR HAS ANY BUSINESS GETTING INVOLVED WITH SUCH NONSENSE! I DIDN'T GIVE UP A STAGE CAREER TO PLAY HOBGOBLIN!

ROLAND, SWEETHEART, USE YOUR HEAD! I SWEATED BLOOD TO GET YOU THIS BREAK! THERE'S A DEPRESSION ON... ACTING JOBS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, BABY!

AND AS LONG AS YOU GET YOUR AGENT'S COMMISSION, YOU COULD CARE LESS WHAT THEY ARE... RIGHT, MANNY?

ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI, SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THE STUDIO FIGURES TO MAKE MONEY ON THIS HORROR STUFF, ROLAND...YOU MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION AND THEY'LL COME SWARMING LIKE FLIES WITH OFFERS! IT'S A SPRINGBOARD, KID...RIGHT INTO THE CLASSY PARTS!

WHAT'S THE USE? THE MATERIAL'S ROTTEN...THERE'S NOTHING TO WORK WITH...BUILD A PERFORMANCE ON...

HOW 'BOUT THE BACK-GROUND STUFF...ATMOSPHERE ...LIKE YOU USED TO DO IN NEW YORK! IF YOU PLAYED A LONGSHOREMAN, YOU'D HANG AROUND THE DOCKS ...THAT KINDA THING!

MANNY... YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE SOME-THING!

IT WAS BIZARRE, EXCITING... JUST THE SORT OF SPARK HIS IMAGINATION NEEDED TO PUSH IT ABOVE THE FILM'S TEDIUM! AND ROLAND BRYCE WASTED NO TIME GIVING IT A TRY...

HEY! WHO'S OUT THERE? WHO'S RUNNIN' AROUND?

!-IT'S FANTASTIC! THE GRAVESTONES, THE WIND, THE CREAKING TREES... IT OPENS A WHOLE DIMENSION... GIVES THE FRIGHT I'M SUPPOSED TO PORTRAY VALIDITY!

THE SUDDEN CRY SENT HIM SCRAMBLING FOR COVER, HEART POUNDING WITH A HEADY MIXTURE OF FEAR AND EXHILARATION...

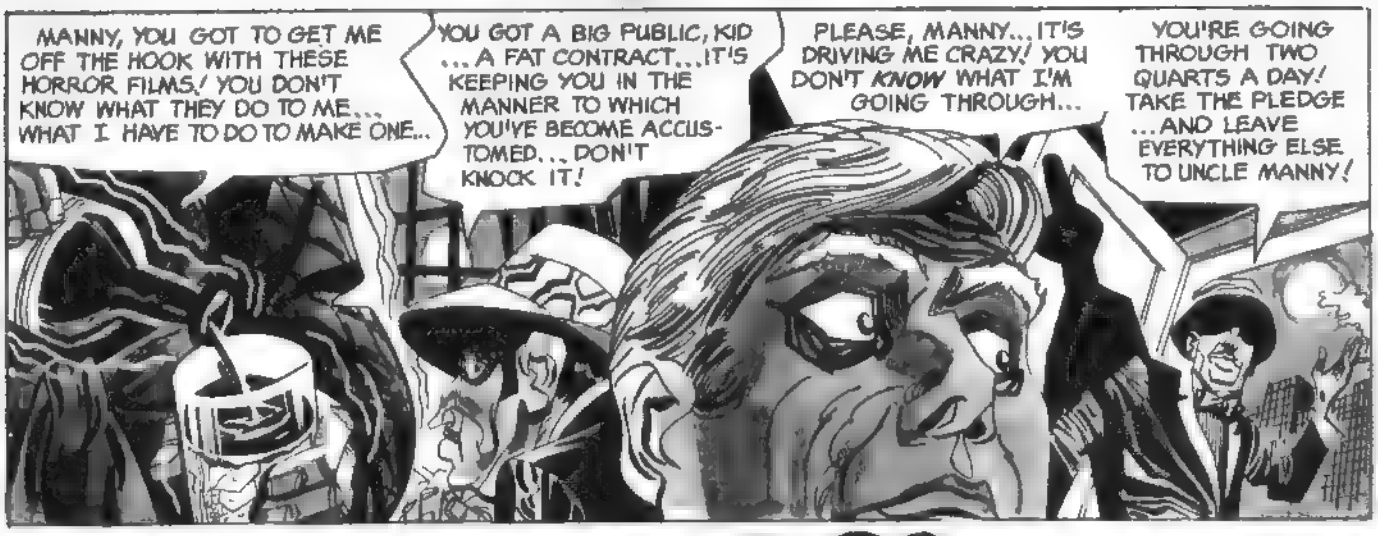
THAT'S A TAKE!
BEAUTIFUL, ROLAND... THAT WRAPS UP THE FILM!

YOU PULLED IT OUT OF THE FIRE, KIDDO! THE FRONT OFFICE LOVES THE RUSHES... THEY'RE ALREADY HANDING OUT A NEW SCRIPT TO YOU... NOT EVEN WAITING FOR THE PREVIEWS!
GREAT, MANNY! WHAT SORT OF STORY WILL IT BE THIS TIME?

WELL... (HEH, HEH)... YOU DID SUCH A GREAT JOB IN THIS ONE, THEY INSISTED ON YOU MAKING ANOTHER HORROR FILM!
THAT WASN'T THE DEAL, MANNY! YOU DIDN'T ACCEPT THE SCRIPT, DID YOU... DID YOU?
LOOK, KID, YOU'RE NEW OUT HERE... WE CAN'T BUCK THE STUDIOS! BUT IF THIS SECOND FILM CLICKS LIKE THE FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE A REPUTATION, BE ESTABLISHED... THEN, WE CAN DEAL WITH THEM!

....JUNK! WORSE DRIVEL THAN THE FIRST ONE! MAD DOCTOR RUNNING AROUND, STEALING CORPSES, MUTILATING THEM... WHAT CAN I DO WITH A PART LIKE THAT? WHAT COULD I EVER DO TO MAKE MYSELF RELATE TO IT?
IN DISGUST, ROLAND RUSHED OUT INTO THE NIGHT... STALKING THE DARK STREETS, REPEATING THE QUESTIONS OVER AND OVER AGAIN, UNTIL...
HEARTHSTONE BRO.
UNDERTAKERS

BRILLIANT! YOUR CLIENT GOES THROUGH THIS BIT LIKE HE WAS BORN TO IT, MANNY!
ROLAND'S A GOOD BOY... DOES ALL RIGHT BY THIS WEIRD STUFF!
STUFF'S NOT MUCH WEIRDER THAN LIFE! YOU SEE THIS MORNING'S PAPER, MANNY? SOMEONE STOLE A CORPSE OUT OF A FUNERAL PARLOR LAST NIGHT... THEY FINALLY FOUND IT, HACKED UP AND MUTILATED!
HMMM... WHOEVER DID IT MUSTA PEEKED AT YOUR SCRIPT!
I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT IT, MANNY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? NO MORE HORROR SCRIPTS?! I'M SICK OF THEM... SICK!
SWEETHEART, DON'T GO PRIMA DONNA ON ME NOW! WE GOTTA KEEP YOUR FACE IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC UNTIL THE QUALITY STUFF STARTS ROLLING IN, OTHERWISE...
OKAY, MANNY, OKAY... WHAT'S THIS MASTERPIECE ABOUT?
REAL GUTSY STUFF... YOU CAN DO A LOT WITH IT! YOU PLAY A DEVIL WORSHIPER, LOTTA BLOOD SACRIFICES TO DEMONS... GIVES YOU A LOT TO WORK WITH!
WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT TO A POOR MUTT? LIKE IT WAS LAID OUT FOR SACRIFICE...
PROBABLY SOME KIND OF FANATIC ...CALIFORNIA'S GOT MORE'N ITS SHARE OF SCREWY CULTS AND RELIGIONS!

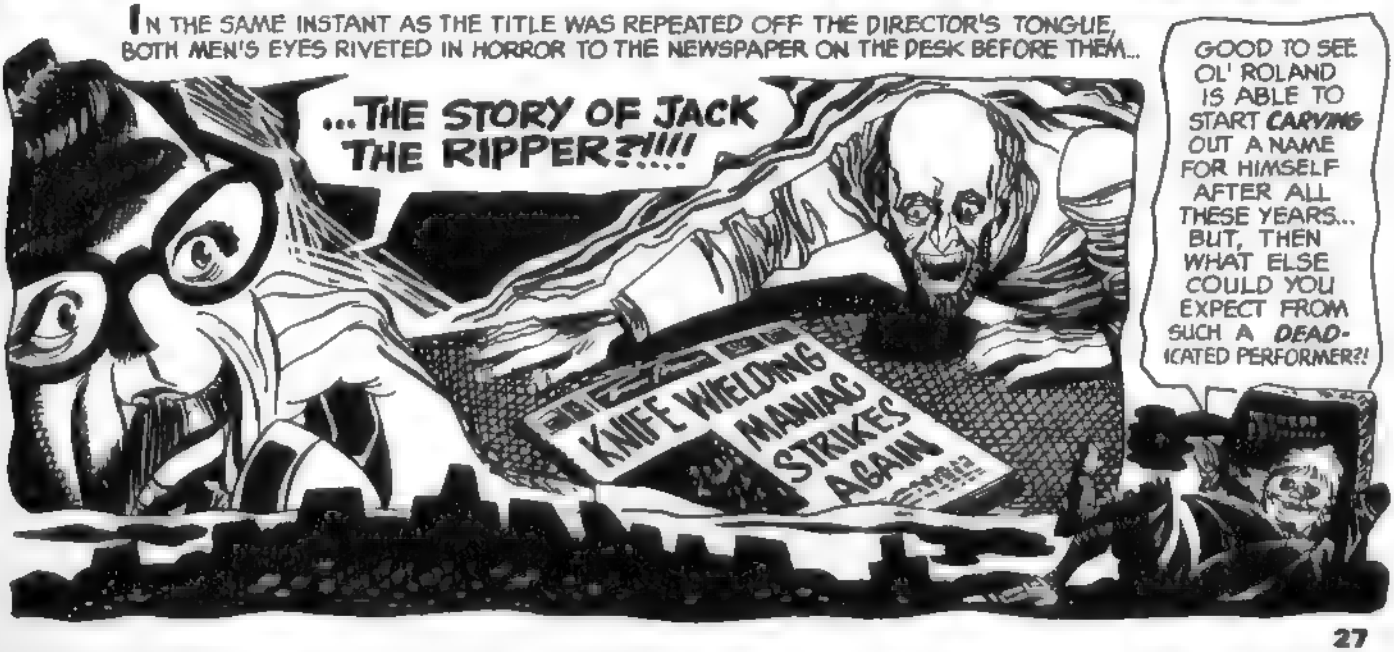

MANNY, YOU GOT TO GET ME OFF THE HOOK WITH THESE HORROR FILMS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DO TO ME... WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO MAKE ONE...
YOU GOT A BIG PUBLIC, KID ... A FAT CONTRACT... IT'S KEEPING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH YOU'VE BECOME ACCUSTOMED... DON'T KNOCK IT!
PLEASE, MANNY... IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH...
YOU'RE GOING THROUGH TWO QUARTS A DAY! TAKE THE PLEDGE ...AND LEAVE EVERYTHING ELSE TO UNCLE MANNY!

FILM AFTER FILM CAME AND WENT, EACH MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE LAST, EACH MORE DEMANDING IN THE DEPTHS THEY DROVE HIS OBSESSION IN PREPARING FOR THE ROLE...

HE CAME BUSTIN' IN LAST NIGHT, BEGGIN' US TO LOCK HIM UP! STARTED CONFESSIN' TO EVERY LOONY CRIME ON THE BOOKS... WELL, YOU SETTLED WITH THE BAILIFF, YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!
GET ME SOME OTHER KIND OF PICTURE, MANNY... YOU'VE GOT TO! I CAN'T DO ANY MORE OF THOSE HORROR JOBS, I CAN'T... YOU KNOW I CAN'T...
EASY NOW, KID, EASY... YOU'RE RUN DOWN... EXHAUSTED... I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING, OKAY? JUST RELAX... RELAX!

ROLAND! EVERYONE'S WAITING ON THE SET...YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN YOUR MAKE-UP ON...
HAVE YOU SEEN THE SCRIPT, MANNY? DID YOU EVEN LOOK AT THE SCRIPT? THE BIG CHANGE-OF-PACE SCRIPT?
OH, YEAH...TOO BAD, KID! THIS IS THE LAST PICTURE ON YOUR CONTRACT...HORROR'S LOSING MONEY, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN, MAYBE YOU CAN GET A DIFFERENT TYPE SCRIPT THEN...
BUT AREN'T YOU INTERESTED IN THIS ONE, MANNY? ALL ABOUT AN INSANE STRANGLER, DOESN'T THAT INTEREST YOU? DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME PREPARE?
THANK YOU, MANNY, THANK YOU! SO GLAD YOU'RE ABLE TO HELP! NOW YOU KNOW, MANNY... WHAT IT TAKES TO PLAY A ROLE LIKE THIS... YOU HAVE TO GET INTO THE CHARACTER... SUBMERGE YOURSELF INTO HIS EMOTIONS... HIS ACTS... HIS WORLD... NOW YOU KNOW, MANNY!
MR. BRYCE, EVERYONE'S STILL WAITIN'! AREN'T YOU READY YE--- HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?
THIS GENTLEMAN WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO HELP ME...TO HELP ME REHEARSE ...HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAAAAAAAA... GOOD ENOUGH TO... HELP ME...
JUST A LITTLE REHEARSAL... HEE HEE HEE... JUST A LITTLE RUN THROUGH... HEH, HEH, TO PREPARE...
HEY, SOMEBODY! GET A COP...F'R GOSH SAKE, GET A COP!

EPILOGUE: *The director peered in dismay at the sheath of papers in his hand, then glared at the doctor standing in front of his desk...*



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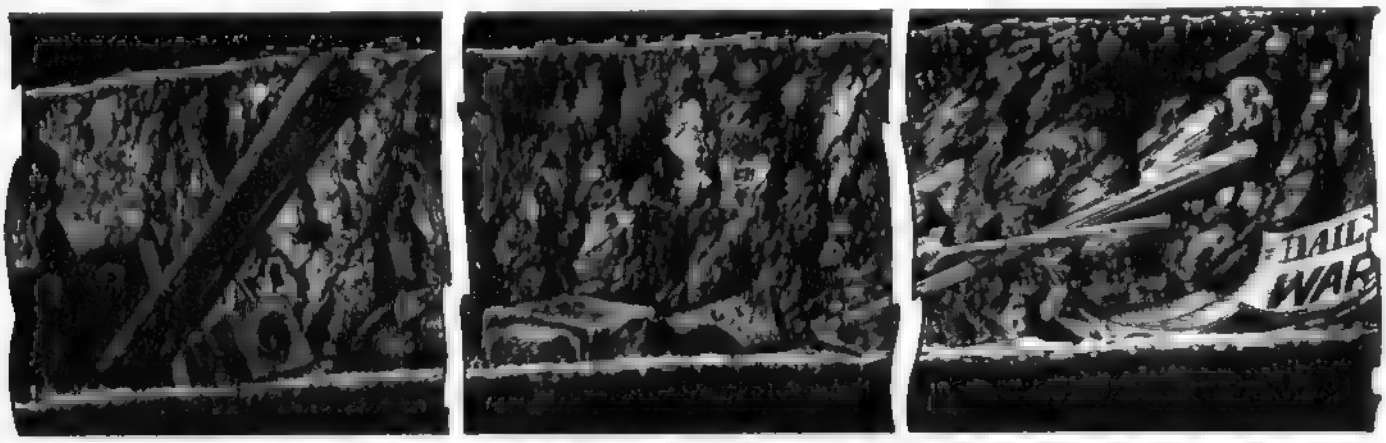
PROLOGUE: IT BEGINS FAR UNDERGROUND LIKE THE BURROW OF SOME LARGE FORGOTTEN ANIMAL AND TUNNELS UPWARD... BUT IN IT'S OWN WAY, THIS CARVED CHANNEL OF DAMP MUDDY EARTH IS A MUSEUM...



SCATTERED AND STREWN IN THE MOIST, CLINGING EARTH OF THE TUNNEL'S FLOOR ARE RELICS... OBJECTS OF THE PAST NO LONGER USEFUL EXCEPT AS CURIOSITIES, ABANDONED WHEN THEY CEASED TO FUNCTION...

SOUVENIRS OF ANOTHER AGE, ARTIFACTS OF ANOTHER TIME... RELICS IN A TUNNEL MUSEUM... RADIOS, TIN CANS, NEWSPAPERS, LANTERNS, TOOLS, CONTAINERS, CANDLES, AND ONE THING MORE... ***A MAN!***

WANT TO GET THE SCOOP ON WHAT'S GOING ON, KIDDIES ? WELL, CAST YOUR GHOULISH GAZE INTO MY CRYSTAL BALL AND WE'LL TAKE A LOATHSOME LOOK INTO THE FEARFUL FUTURE... HOW FAR IN THE FUTURE ? WELL, NOT TOMORROW, OR THE NEXT DAY... LET'S JUST SAY IT'S...

The Day After Doomsday!

RICHARD CALDWELL HAD SURVIVED. HE HAD NO CONCEPT OF HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN UNDERGROUND. PERHAPS DAYS, PERHAPS MONTHS, PERHAPS YEARS... THINGS HAD STARTED TO GO WRONG IN THE SHELTER, GENERATORS HAD FAILED, EQUIPMENT HAD BROKEN DOWN... TIME HAD SLIPPED FROM HIS GRASP, NOTHING WENT AS PLANNED. HE HAD BEGUN TO DIG, AND ENDED BY CLAWING... BUT HE HAD SURVIVED!

ART BY DAN ADKINS/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

LIKE SOME PITIFUL FIGURE IN A NIGHT-MARE, RICHARD CALDWELL BEGAN TO WALK THROUGH THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS REACH OF UTTER RUIN...

HE COULD NOT STOP TO REST... SCATTERED STONE AND MORTAR BEGAN TO GIVE AWAY TO BARREN, BURNT EARTH... TWISTED GHOSTS OF TREES CROUCHED AGAINST THE WASTELAND...

I FOUGHT... KILLED TO HANG ON TO THAT SHELTER... SACRIFICED EVERYTHING TO STAY ALIVE... FOR THIS!

BEYOND THE CITY... IT WON'T BE SO BAD OUT THERE... BOUND TO BE BETTER...

NOT MUCH, BUT STUFF'S BEGINNING TO GROW UP HERE... LIVE!

I SURVIVED... IF I COULD DO IT THERE MUST BE...

O-OTHERS!

GRIPPED BY HORROR, CALDWELL STUMBLED FORWARD... ALMOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, HIS HANDS REACHED OUT, AS THOUGH POWERED BY THE VERY REVULSION HE FELT, TO THE WHITE OBJECT THAT HAD BEEN A FELLOW MAN...

FOR SOME TIME, HE PEERED AT THE THING IN HIS HANDS, FEELING IT GROW MORE REPULSIVE AS HE SPECULATED HOW IT AND IT'S MATES MIGHT HAVE COME TO BE THERE... A CHILL PASSED THROUGH HIM AS HE SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A SHADOW THAT HAD FALLEN OVER HIM...

HIDEOUS FLESH, INHUMAN TO THE TOUCH, CLUTCHED AND GRABBED AT CALDWELL'S OWN, AS NIGHTMARE FEATURES PRESSED CLOSE, FORCING HIM BACK, STIFLING HIM, ABOUT TO DESTROY HIM...

HIS MOIST FINGERS FUMBLED AGAINST THE COLD STEEL AT HIS SIDE. THE WEAPON HAD NOT BEEN USED SINCE HIS EARLY DAYS IN THE SHELTER. EVEN AS CALDWELL SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER, HE COULD NOT BE SURE IT WOULD WORK...

YAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

CHEST HEAVING, BODY TREMBLING, CALDWELL ROSE ON SHAKY LEGS TO STARE DOWN IN DISBELIEF AT THE THING HE HAD JUST KILLED...
I-IT ALMOST GOT ME... JUST LIKE THESE OTHER POOR DEVILS IN THE GULLY! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST ONE MORE SET OF BONES...
A SHUDDER PASSED THROUGH RICHARD CALDWELL, AND THE FULL IMPLICATION OF THE AT-TACK SETTLED ON HIM LIKE AN ICY CHILL...
WHAT KIND OF WORLD HAVE I SAVED MYSELF FOR...? WHERE MONSTERS LIKE THAT PREY ON M-MEN AND...
EEEEEEEEEEE
FAINT, BUT CLEAR, THE SOUND STRUCK THROUGH THE SILENT WORLD AT CALDWELL, SENDING HIM PLUNGING TOWARD THE DIREC-TION FROM WHICH IT CAME...
A WOMAN'S VOICE! I SWEAR IT'S A WOMAN!
THE CRIES GREW LOUDER AS CALDWELL PUSH-ED NEARER, HINTS OF BOTH HOPE AND HORROR GROWING WITHIN HIM...
I WON'T BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE THIS TIME... ANYONE DOES THE ATTACKING, IT'S GOING TO BE ME!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

RAGE AND FURY SWELLED BEYOND FEAR INSIDE CALDWELL AND BURST FORTH, GALVANIZING HIM INTO ACTION...

NO, YOU #@%*:!!@!! NOOOOOO!!

BLAM! KA-BLAM!

IMAGES OF THE BONES HE HAD FOUND IN THE GULLY POUNDED IN CALDWELL'S MIND AS HE RACED FORWARD THIS WAS MORE THAN JUST SAVING THE GIRL, IT WAS SURVIVAL... MANKIND OR THESE MONTROUS FLESH-EATER!

BLAM! BLAM!

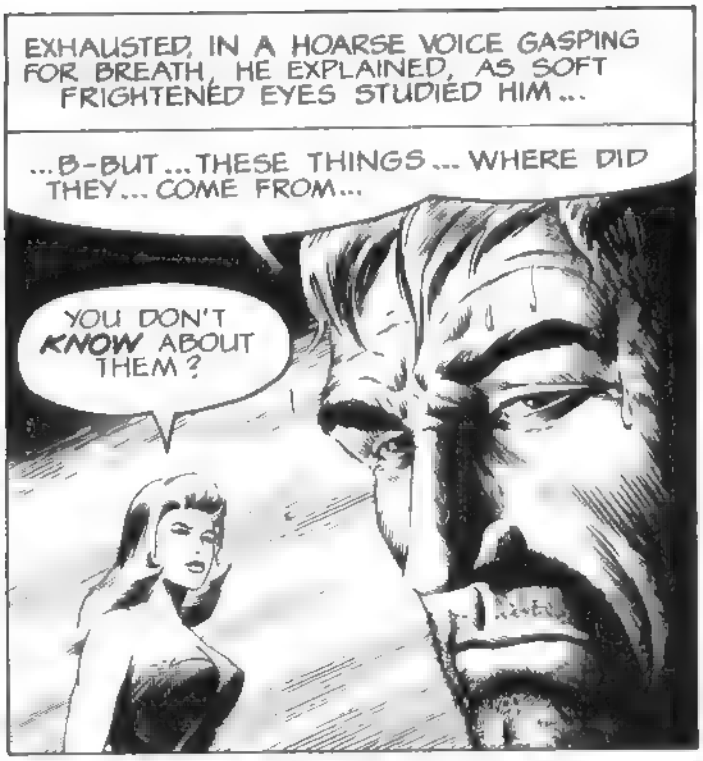
THE CREATURES WHIRLED IN PAIN AND SURPRISE AS OVER AND OVER AGAIN, CALDWELL FIRED, DEAF TO THEIR TERRIBLE SHRIEKS OF AGONY...

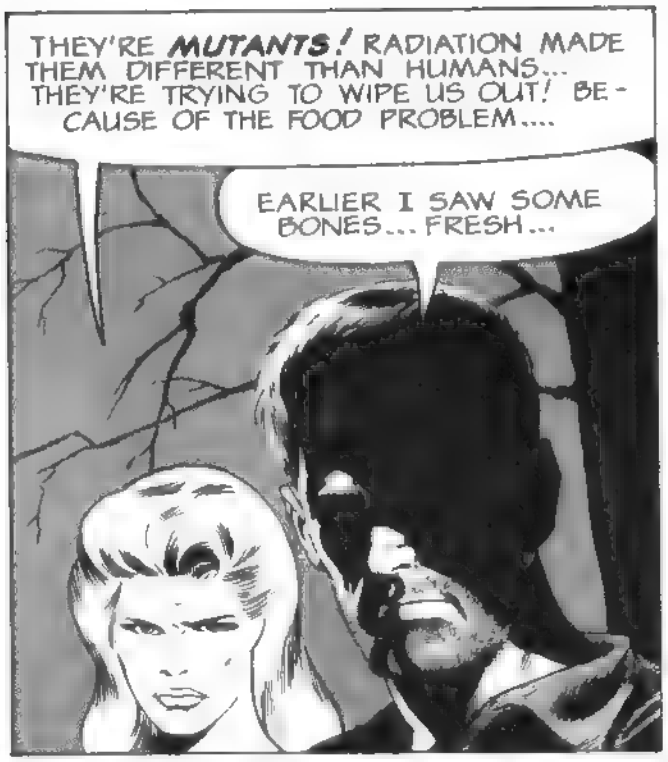
KA-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

THE HAMMER ECHOED ON THE EMPTY CHAMBER, AND HE WADED IN SWINGING THE USELESS WEAPON LIKE A CLUB... DRIVEN BY A TERRIBLE FURY TO DESTROY THESE THINGS THAT HUNTED MEN DOWN LIKE SMALL GAME....

...UNTIL, AT LAST, IT WAS OVER!

W-WHO ARE YOU...?

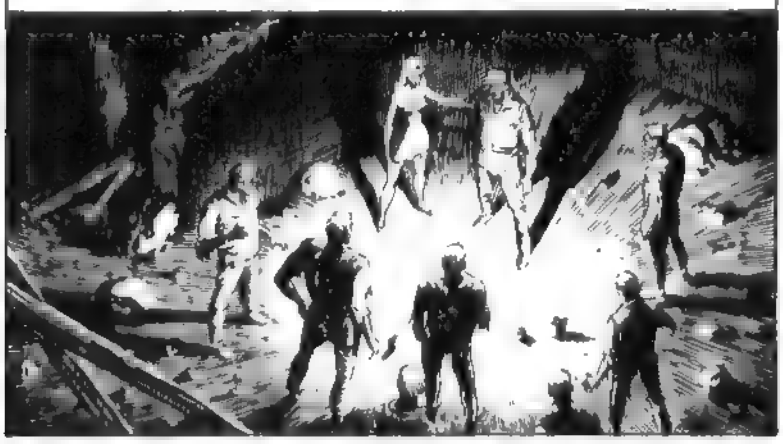




RICHARD CALDWELL MARVELED AT THE WAY THE GIRL HAD HELD UP TILL NOW, BUT HE HAD TO REMIND HIMSELF IT WAS A NEW WORLD, A HARDER ONE THAN HE HAD LEFT WHEN HE SEALED HIMSELF IN THE SHELTER...

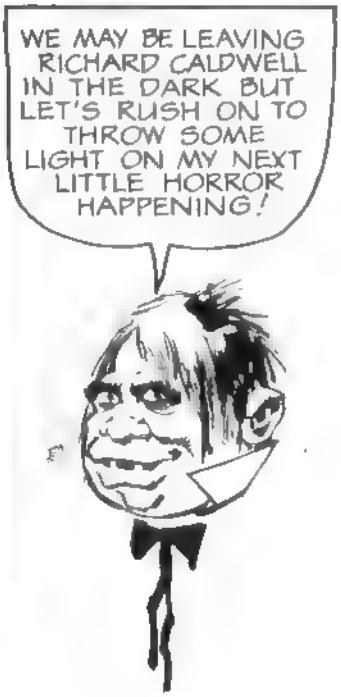
HE FOLLOWED HER UNTIL NIGHTFALL... HE CAUGHT THE SMELL OF FIRE AND THE SOUND OF VOICES... HUMAN VOICES...

AS HE APPROACHED, CALDWELL WAS GREETED BY SMILING, EAGER FACES HE SMILED TO HIMSELF... JUST AS HE'D SURVIVED THE WARS OF THE LAST WORLD, HE'D SURVIVED THE MUTANTS AND DANGERS OF THIS NEW ONE...



THEN, A SUDDEN DOUBT OVER-TOOK HIM...

STUNNED AND BLEEDING, CALDWELL FOUND HIMSELF UNABLE TO RISE. HAZILY, HE COULD HEAR HER FLAT, ALMOST SNEERING WORDS...

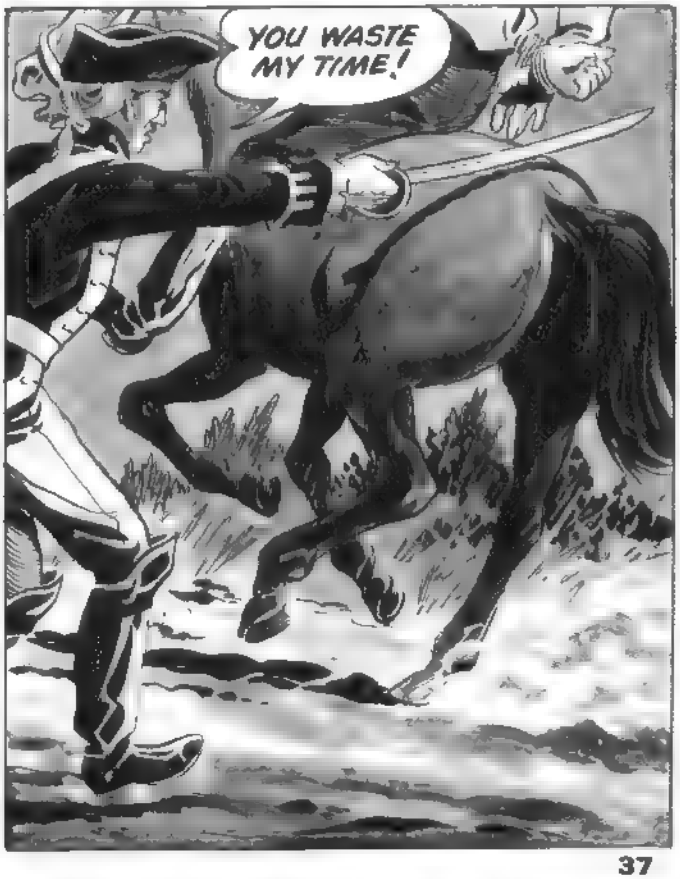


THE LEERING FACES LOOMED CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL DARK-NESS COVERED RICHARD CALDWELL, A HIDEOUS DARKNESS THAT NOW HUNG HEAVILY ABOVE ALL SURVIVORS OF THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY!

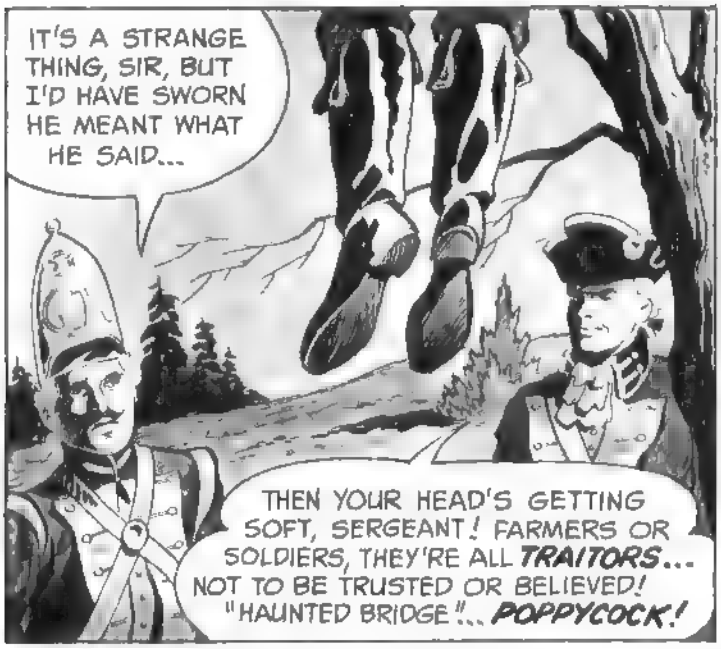
OUR NEXT BIT OF ***FIENDISH FICTION*** TAKES US BACK TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR WHERE A BRITISH PARTY OF FORAGERS FIND THEMSELVES THE VICTIMS OF SUPERIOR ***TERROR TACTICS*** AS THEY FACE THE BROODING MENACE OF...

The COVERED BRIDGE!

LIEUTENANT FARNSWORTH SEETHED WITH A COLD RAGE. NOTHING HAD GONE RIGHT. THE PATROL WAS A FAILURE, HIS MEN DISGRUNTLED AND REBELLIOUS, LOST FROM THEIR MAIN UNIT... NOW, EVEN THIS DULLARD OF A COLONIAL WAS DEFYING HIM!

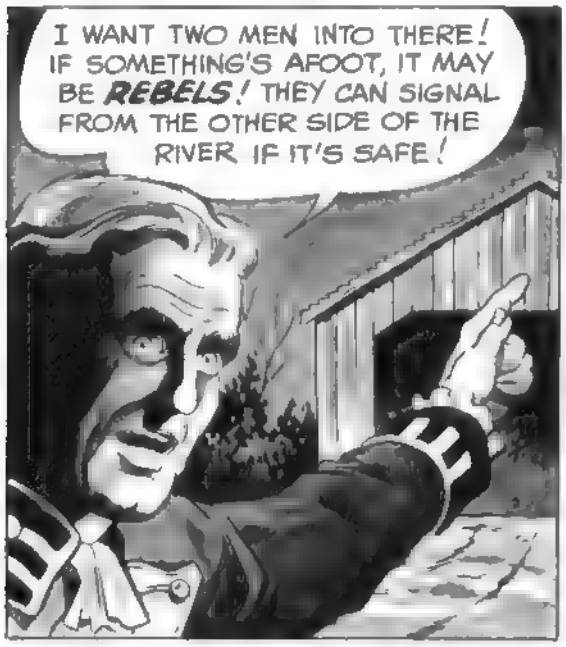


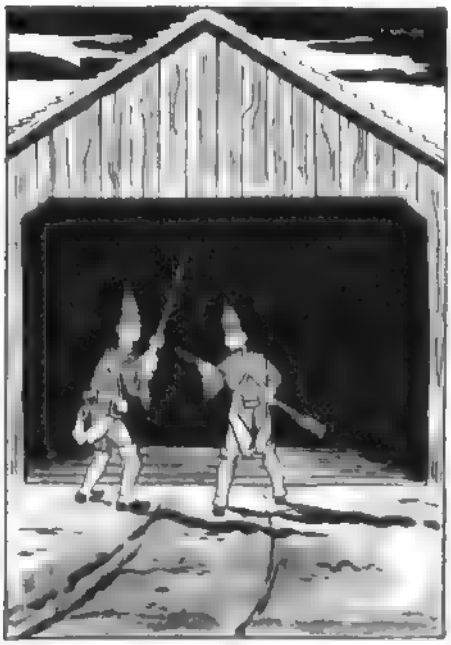
ART BY BOB JENNEY/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

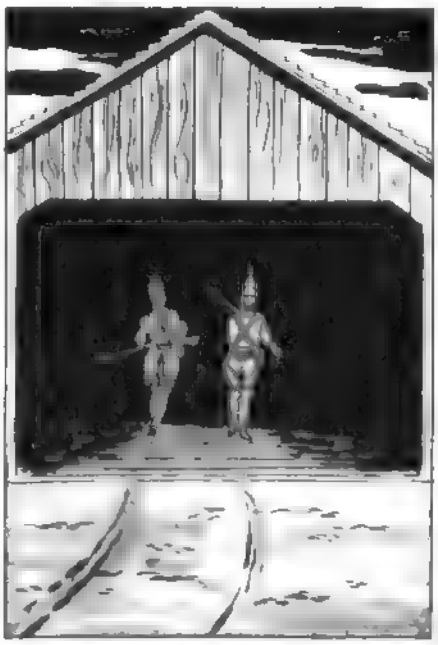


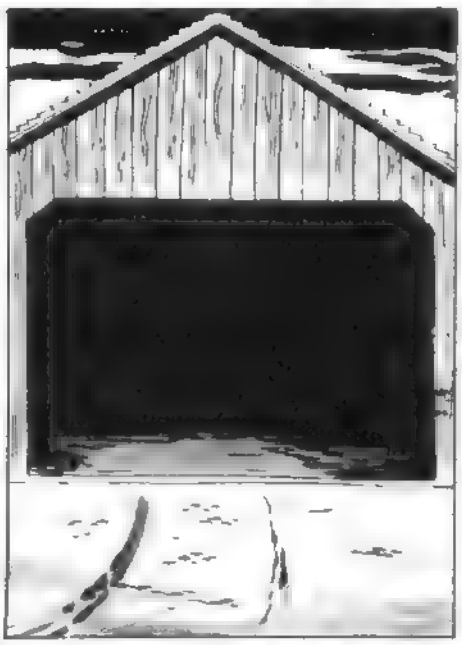
THE COLUMN MOVED IN SILENCE INTO A LOWLAND OF SCATTERED MISTS AND STRANGE SHADOWS CAST BY THE LIGHT OF THE RISING MOON...

FARNSWORTH PUT SPURS TO HIS MOUNT AND RACED TOWARD THE BRIDGE WHEN...

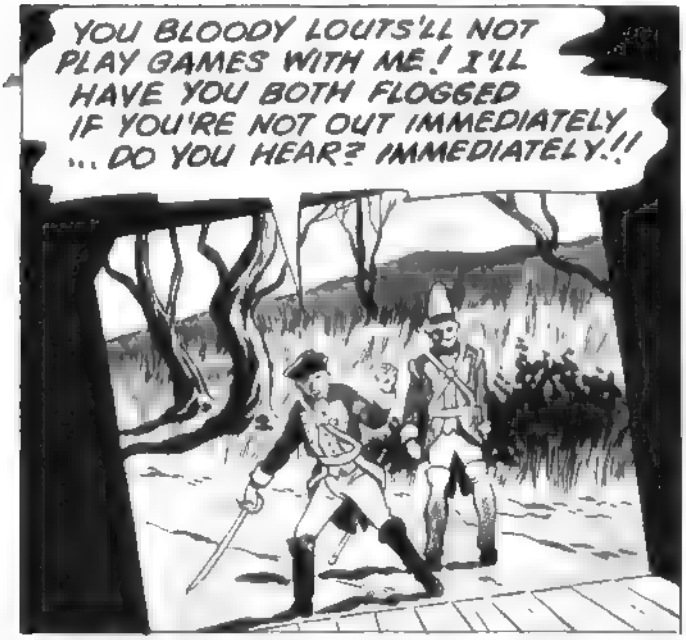


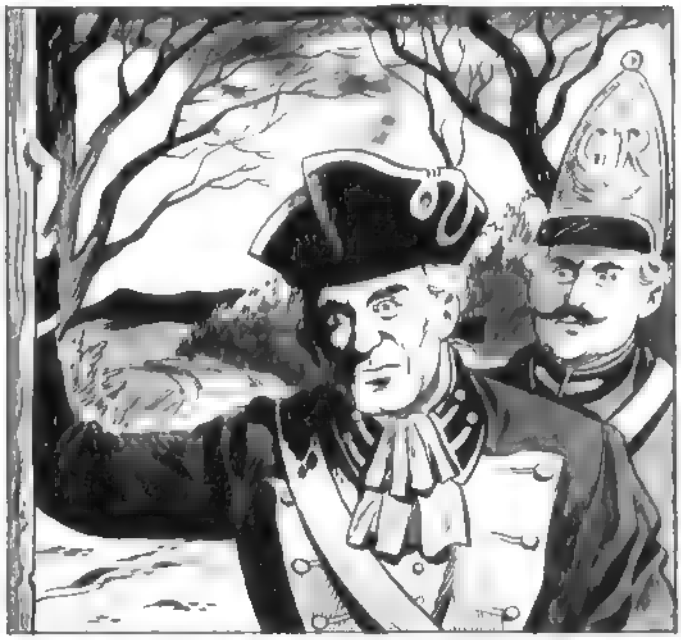




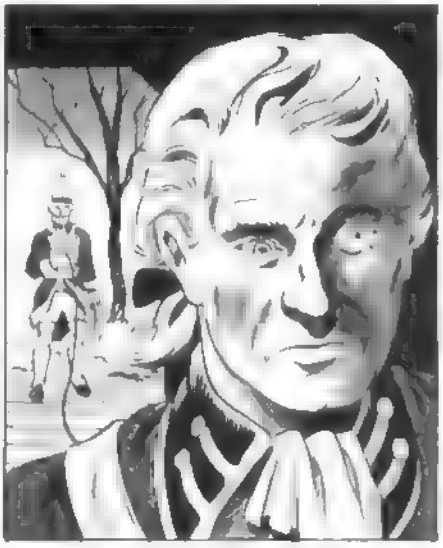


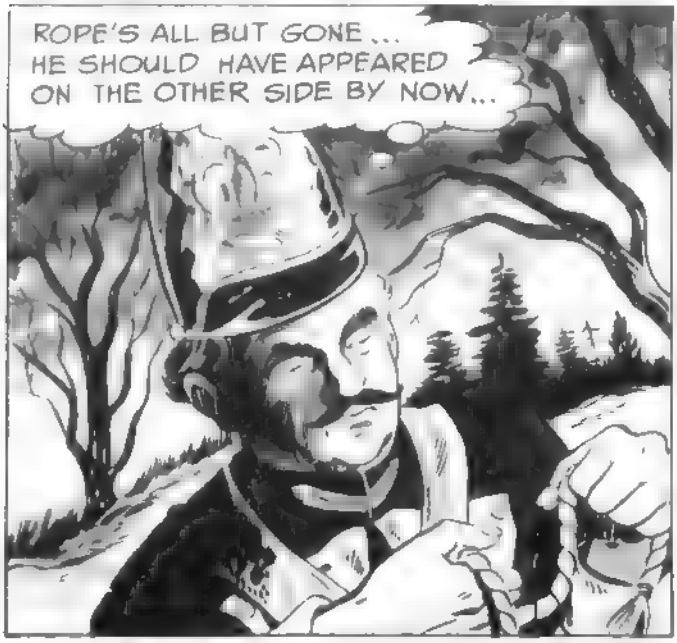
SECONDS DRIFTED BY, THEN MINUTES. SILENCE BECAME ITS OWN MUTE SHRIEK. THE MOON BATHED THE HOLLOW IN A COLD LIGHT, EVERYWHERE EXCEPT THE INKY INTERIOR OF THE COVERED BRIDGE...





FARNSWORTH AND THE SERGEANT SCOURED THE ABANDONED PACKS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE DESERTED TROOP, AT LAST PIECING TOGETHER WHAT WAS NEEDED...





SUDDENLY THE ROPE WENT TAUT IN THE SERGEANT'S STRONG HANDS, THEN BEGAN TO WHIP AND THRASH WILDLY ALMOST AS THOUGH IT HAD LIFE OF ITS OWN...

THE TERRIBLE SCREAM ECHOING OUT OF THE COFFIN-LIKE INTERIOR OF THE COVERED BRIDGE JOLTED THE SERGEANT INTO ACTION ... HAND OVER HAND, PALMS BURNING FROM THE FRICTION OF THE EFFORT, HE HAULED AND PULLED AT THE WILDLY WRITHING ROPE ... INCHING AN UNBELIEVABLE WEIGHT OUT OF THE BLACKNESS...

... AND WITH ONE LAST ALL CONSUMING EFFORT...

THE WRETCHED FIGURE THAT ONCE HAD BEEN LIEUTENANT FARNSWORTH TREMBLED VIOLENTLY AND WITH TWO LAST WORDS, MERCIFULLY DIED...

GENTLY, THE SERGEANT BEGAN TO PULL FARNSWORTH'S BODY OUT OF THE SHADOW OF THE BRIDGE, AND TO HIS HORROR SUDDENLY FACED THE FULL REASON FOR THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT HE HAD PULLED AND THE FULL PROOF OF FARNSWORTH DYING WORDS... FOR CLINGING TO THE OFFICER'S BODY WAS A CREATURE OF THE DEAD WORLD, INDEED, ONE CONSIGNED THERE BY FARNSWORTH HIMSELF!

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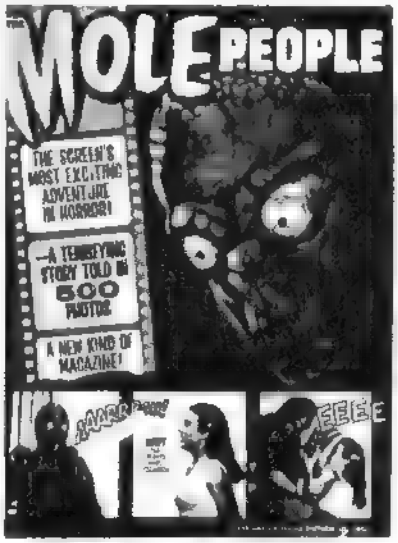

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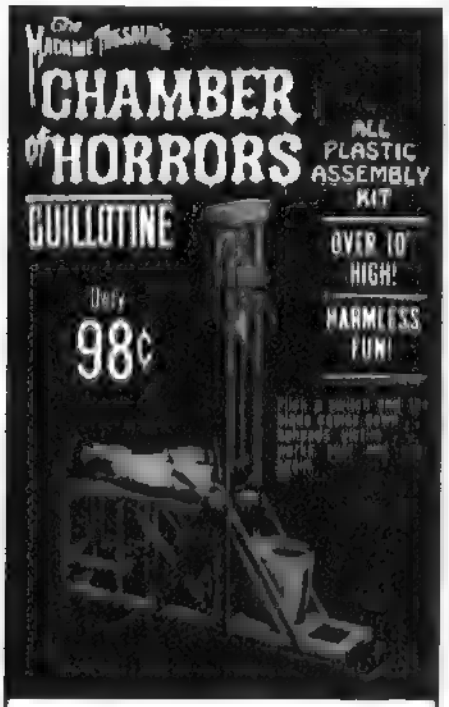

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BE A BIG HIT with "BIG FRANKIE" . . . America's most gigantic monster kit. Put him together in minutes. Then use paints and brush in kit to make him colorfully gruesome. Stands 2 feet tall. Arms move back and forth, hold any position. Kit includes all-plastic Frankenstein, chain and dungeon rack. Amaze everyone with BIG FRANKIE. Only $4.95, plus 60c for postage & handling.

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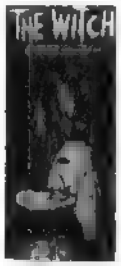

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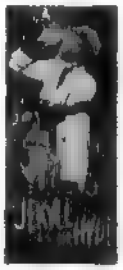
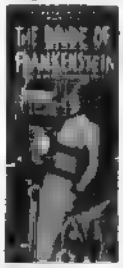
WATCH the transformation take place before your very eyes. Why not? You do it all with the eerie, jeery Monster Kit . . your hands make Jekyll play Hyde-and-go-seek. Only $1.49.





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NOT ALL LADIES are Monsters except the scary new Bride of Frankenstein, all decked out, in this Monster Kit, in her terrible trousseau. Regular cut-up (on the lab table.) Have fun for $1.49.

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NO ONE DESERVES DEATH MORE THAN A FOOL... AND FOR ALL HIS EDUCATION AND FANCY DEGREES, BRUCE DARNER IS A FOOL!

BLUNDERING AROUND THESE WOODS WHEN HE KNOWS A WEREWOLF IS ON THE LOOSE! BUT LIKE ALL FOOLS, HE HAS TO LEARN...

...AND I'M THE ONE TO TEACH HIM!!

GNYAAAAA!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OFF TO A HOWLING START, FIENDISH FANS, BUT YOU'D BEST PROCEED WITH CAUTION INTO THIS BIT OF LYCANTHROPIC LORE, OR YOU MAY WIND UP AS...

WOLF BAIT!

 ART BY ROCCO MASTROSERIO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN BASED ON A STORY BY BUDDY SAUNDERS

ALL TOO SOON, IT'S OVER. MOST KILLS ARE A MATTER OF INSTINCT AND NEED, BUT BRUCE DARNER WAS A PLEASURE, AND I CRY MY SATISFACTION TO THE NIGHT SKY...
AAOOWWWWW!
THE FULL MOON STILL RIDES HIGH AND MY BLOODLUST HASN'T WANED... AND THERE IS STILL ONE OTHER LIKELY VICTIM!
THE ALREADY BROKEN DOOR GIVES ME NO TROUBLE, BUT I CANNOT HOLD BACK AN ANIMAL SNARL THAT RIPS FROM MY THROAT...
YOU! NOT YOU...
AS I SUSPECTED, SHE'S WAITING AT HIS PLACE... STUPIDLY WAITING FOR A MAN WHO'LL NEVER RETURN! TEARS STILL GLISTENING ON HER CHEEKS AS WHEN I LAST SAW HER...
THE SHREDDED RAG THAT WAS ONCE A SHIRT, BEFORE MY BEASTIAL PLUNGE THROUGH BRUSH AND THICKET, MAKES MY IDENTITY CLEAR TO HER, BUT IT NO LONGER MATTERS. HER SHRIEKING INCENSES ME, AND MOVING FOR THE KILL, I THINK BACK TO A TIME WHEN MY PRESENCE BROUGHT A FAR DIFFERENT REACTION...
ARGHHH
EEEEE!

THAD, PLEASE... THIS ISN'T RIGHT! BRUCE IS COMING BACK TODAY, IT ISN'T FAIR TO HIM!
YOU DON'T NEED HIM, WILMA... A CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR! YOU NEED A REAL MAN... LIKE ME!
BRUCE AND I ARE ENGAGED THAD! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED WITH YOU... I SHOULD HAVE... I... I JUST DON'T KNOW!
ALL RIGHT! SEE YOUR COLLEGE BOY... MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND! THAT BOOKWORM'LL SEND YOU RUNNING STRAIGHT BACK TO ME!
THINGS WERE STARTING TO FALL APART. THE FULL MOON KILLINGS HAD THE TOWN UP IN ARMS, WILMA WAS STARTING TO HAVE CONSCIENCE PROBLEMS, THEN THAT PUNK HAD TO SHOW UP...
WILMA...
OH BRUCE, IF ONLY IT COULD'VE BEEN SOMETHING HAPPIER TO BRING YOU BACK!
YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED AT THE UNIVERSITY, PROFESSOR... WITH A KILLER RAMPAGING AROUND HERE, YOU MIGHT NOT BE SAFE!
MY FATHER WAS ONE OF THE VICTIMS, SHERIFF! I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHO OR WHAT DID IT... IT SEEMS YOU'RE NOT HAVING MUCH LUCK!
I'VE ORGANIZED A CITIZENS' GUARD TO CONSTANTLY COMB THE AREA... THEY DON'T NEED SOME COLLEGE SMART ALECK GETTING IN THEIR WAY!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT ME OR MY IDEAS, SHERIFF... I'M GOING TO BE IN THE WAY UNTIL SOMETHING'S DONE ABOUT THIS!

... BUT I COULDN'T BE BOTHERED ABOUT DARNER'S MEDDLING... THERE WERE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS AT HAND!
YAHHHHHHHH!
WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL WOULD MUTILATE A PERSON LIKE THAT, THAD? THIS ISN'T BEAR COUNTRY...
I'VE HEARD SOME TALK THAT IT MIGHT BE A WEREWOLF...
L-LORD! I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD BE THIS BAD...
THIS SATISFY YOU, DARNER? YOU WANTED TO FIND OUT FIRST HAND WHAT WAS GOING ON... NOT LIKE LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY, EH?
THIS IS NO TIME TO MAKE JOKES, SHERIFF! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE! WHATEVER IT IS, THE BEAST MUST BE STOPPED!
YOU TALK A LOT, PROFESSOR! IF YOU WERE HALF A MAN, YOU'D GET A RIFLE AND PUT YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE TRACKING THAT THING LIKE SOME OF THE OTHERS!
WELL...?
I...I'M SORRY... IT'S NOT THE KIND OF THING I CAN DO! I'LL HAVE TO WORK IN MY OWN WAY...

AND SOON ENOUGH I FOUND OUT WHAT THAT WAY WAS...
WHAT'S ALL THIS CHEMISTRY SET FOOLISHNESS SUPPOSE TO MEAN, DARNER? WHAT GOOD'LL ALL THAT STUFF DO?
MY HOPE IS IT WON'T DO GOOD, BUT BAD... IT'S POISON! AS I'VE MIXED IT, DEADLY ENOUGH TO BRING DOWN ANY ANIMAL...
I INTEND TO POSITION THESE ALL AROUND THE AREA WHERE THE BEAST HAS STRUCK! IT'S BOUND TO GO FOR ONE OF THEM!
DARNER, I MAY NOT HAVE YOUR FANCY EDUCATION, BUT I KNOW A FOOL THING WHEN I SEE IT...
... THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET WHAT WE'RE AFTER! AND IF YOU WEREN'T A GUTLESS WONDER, YOU'D REALIZE IT!
I REALIZE NO ONE'S DONE SO WELL WITH IT UP TILL NOW!
MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO AFTER MY METHOD'S HAD A CHANCE!
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT, MISTER DARNER!
SURELY NO ANIMAL WOULD IGNORE THAT MEAT... UNLESS... IT REALLY WAS A... A W-WEREWOLF!
OR MY FORMULA... PERHAPS MY FORMULA WAS WRONG...
THE CIVILIAN GUARD HAD WORKED OUT FINE! BY KNOWING EXACTLY WHERE AND WHEN EACH OF THEM WAS ON DUTY, FINDING A VICTIM WAS NEVER A PROBLEM... NO MORE THAN BRUCE DARNER'S FOOLISH PLAYING WITH POISON!
FOUND HIM RIGHT HERE, PROFESSOR... SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR LITTLE TRAPS! DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH THEM!

NOW, A SMART MAN MIGHT HAVE JUST GIVEN UP, BUT NOT DARNER... NOT A FOOL LIKE HIM...
LOOKS LIKE YOUR FIANCÉ'S GIVEN YOU UP FOR HIS CHEMISTRY SET, WILMA...
IT'S BECOME LIKE AN OBSESSION TO HIM! HE KEEPS EXPERIMENTING WITH FORMULA AFTER FORMULA! HARDLY EVEN SPEAKS TO ME... BUT AT LEAST IT'S GIVEN ME TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER AND...
IT'S TIME YOU DECIDED TO DITCH THAT COLLEGE BOY! YOU WON'T CATCH ME NEGLECTING YOU LIKE THAT...
WAIT, THAD...YOU MUST'T! PLEASE! LET GO... LET...
...GO-OOOHH...
DARLING! I THINK I'VE DONE IT! THIS NEW POISON CAN...
WILMA!
BRUCE...NO! WAIT...
FORGET HIM, BABY! ALL YOU NEED IS ME!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN ANIMAL, THAD! AN ANIMAL!!

I RACED TOWARD THE WOODS, AS I HAD SO MANY OTHER NIGHTS WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL... RACED WITH A CURIOUS CONTENTMENT, KNOWING BRUCE DARNER WOULD NOT DIE SO EASILY AS BY MY PISTOL...

EVEN AS I KILLED DARNER, I FELT WILMA WOULD STILL NEVER BE MINE... NOW, AS HER EYES GROW WIDE IN HORROR AT MY CHARGING FORM, I KNOW THIS IS SO, THAT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY...
YET, I NEVER REACH HER! PAIN SUDDENLY SHOOTS THROUGH MY ENTIRE BODY, HORRIBLE, BURNING... I GASP AND CLAW FOR BREATH THAT DOES NOT COME...
GAARRGGHHH..
YOU'RE DYING, THAD... I HEARD IT ALL ON THE TAPE RECORDER BEFORE YOU CAME IN...
WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING... I'M CHANGING BACK...
BRUCE'S LAST FORMULA WAS A VERY SLOW ACTING POISON... WITH A STRONG BASE OF SILVER NITRATE... WHEN HE SAW YOU AND I TOGETHER, HE THOUGHT I'D REALLY GIVEN HIM UP...
THE PAIN IS... UNBEARABLE... EVERYTHING GROWS DARK... CAN ONLY HEAR WILMA'S ECHOING, MOCKING WORDS...
HE INJECTED THE FORMULA IN HIS OWN BODY, THAD... BECAME LIVING WEREWOLF BAIT... BAIT WHICH YOU SWALLOWED!
HMMM... I WONDER IF THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION'S HEARD ABOUT THIS... WE MAY HAVE TO GET BRUCE DARNER TAKEN OFF THE SHELVES! A LITTLE INDIGESTION'S ONE THING, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

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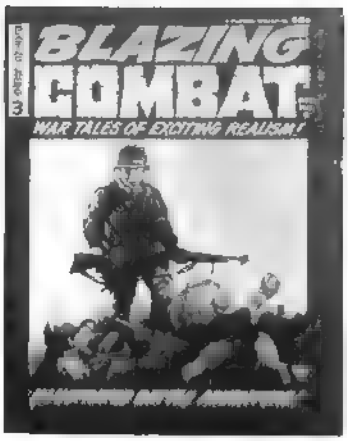

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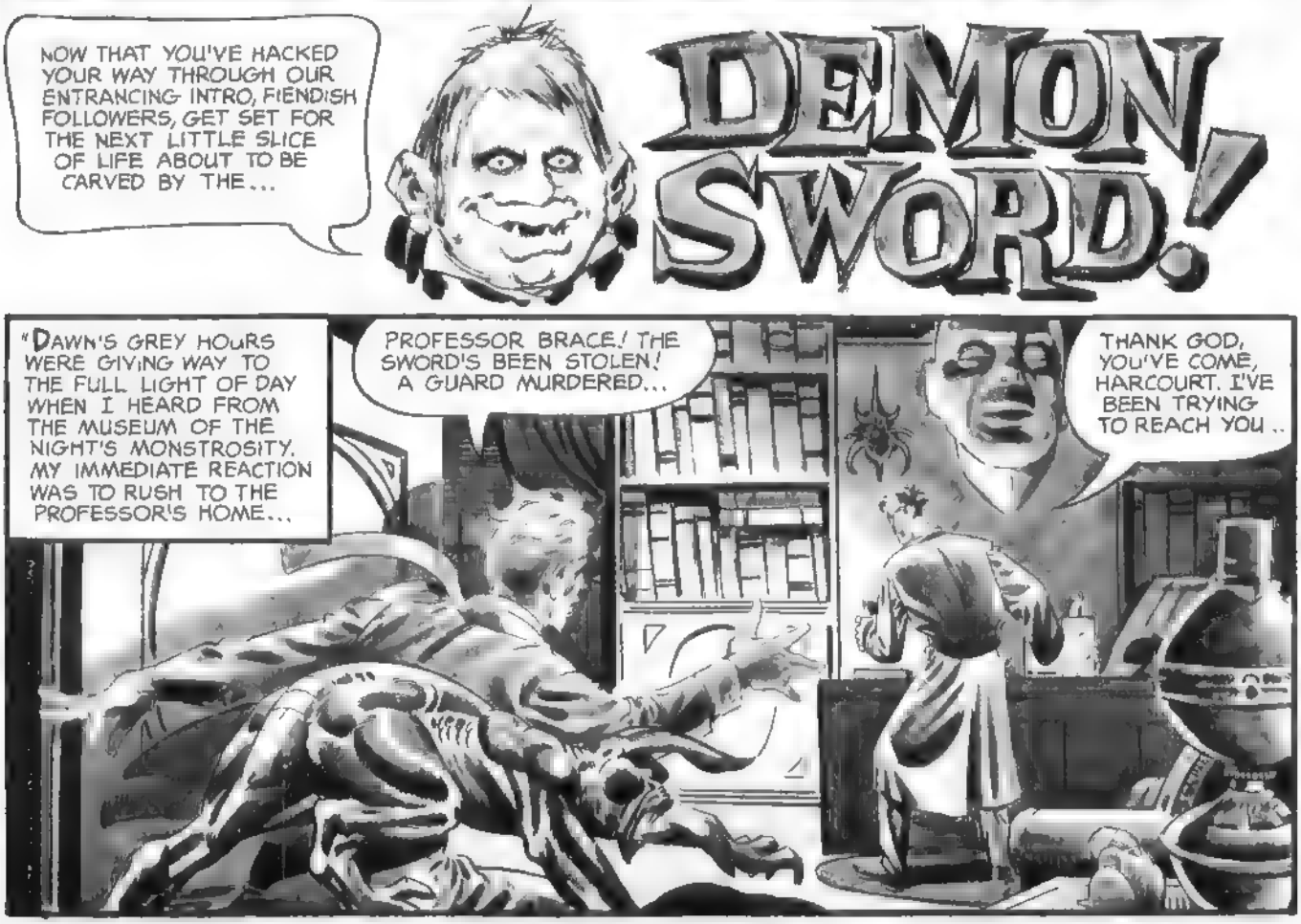
PROLOGUE: "THE OLDEST LEGENDS OF MANY CULTURES GIVE VEILED HINTS OF A TIME IN PREHISTORY WHEN UNSPEAKABLE HORDES OF EVIL MADE WAR ON THE FORCES OF GOOD, AND THE WEAPONS THEY USED WERE MANY AND TERRIBLE..."

"SUCH WAS THE SWORD PROFESSOR BRACE UNEARTHED IN OUR ANDES EXPEDITION. FEW EXPERTS WOULD WILLINGLY ADMIT THIS, EVEN I, HIS MOST AVID DISCIPLE, HAD MY DOUBTS...YET NONE COULD EXPLAIN ITS AGE OR THE STRANGENESS OF ITS METAL..."

"IT, AND OTHER ITEMS UNCOVERED BY OUR MUSEUM-SPONSORED EXCAVATION, OPENED FANTASTIC BYWAYS AND AREAS OF SPECULATION TO THE EARTH'S PAST. BUT NO ONE, NOT EVEN BRACE, UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE, GUESSED THE PATH OF HORROR IT WOULD CUT THROUGH THE PRESENT!"



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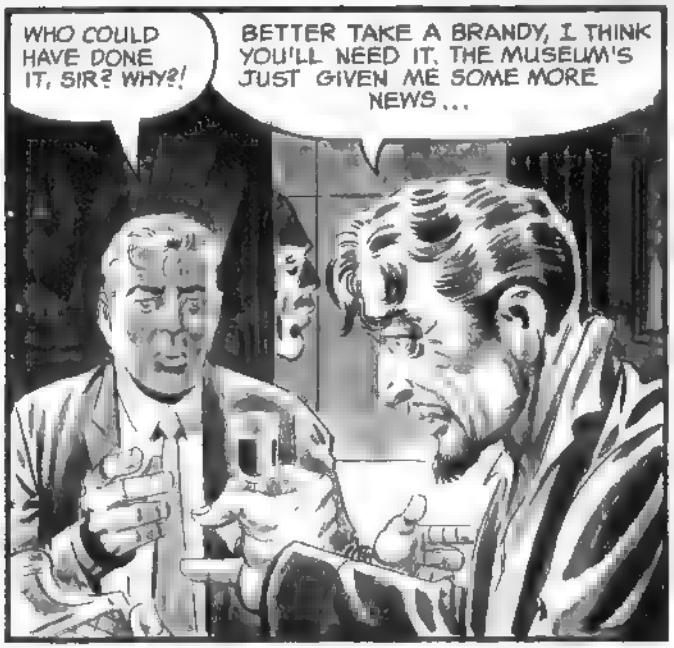
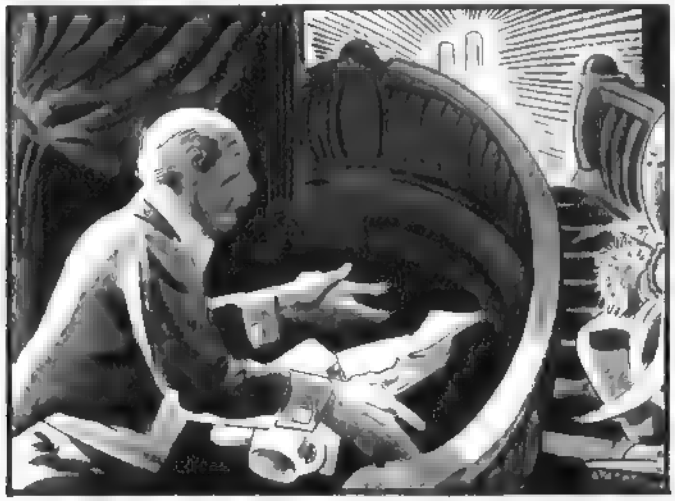


"AS CLOSELY AS CAN BE DETERMINED, SOME FEW MINUTES AFTER THE SWORD HAD BEEN STOLEN, MILES AWAY, ARTHUR CARNABY, THE MUSEUM'S EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR WAS WORKING LATE. HIS BUTLER WAS BRINGING UP A SNACK WHEN SCREAMS FROM CARNABY'S STUDY FILLED THE HOUSE..."



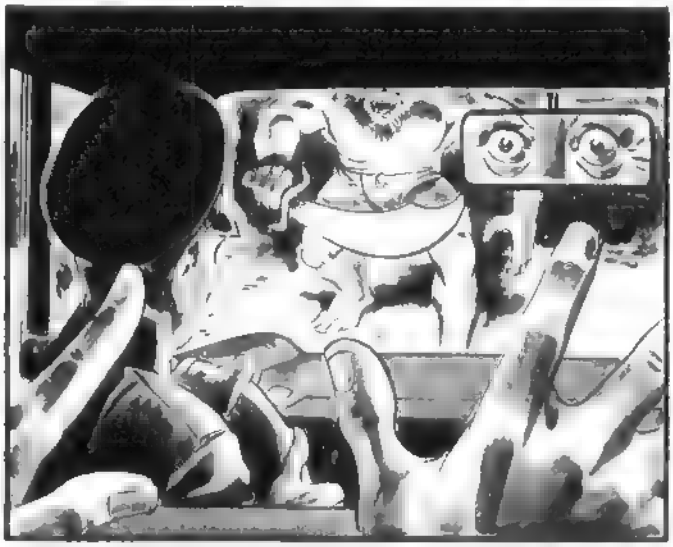
"AND IN HESITANT TORTURED WORDS, PROFESSOR BRACE TOLD ME WHAT HE KNEW..."

"THE STUDY DOOR WAS LOCKED AND THE SOUNDS FROM WITHIN GREW IN VOLUME AND TERROR. THE BUTLER AND ANOTHER SERVANT FRANTICALLY BATTERED AT THE DOOR UNTIL AT LAST IT GAVE WAY..."

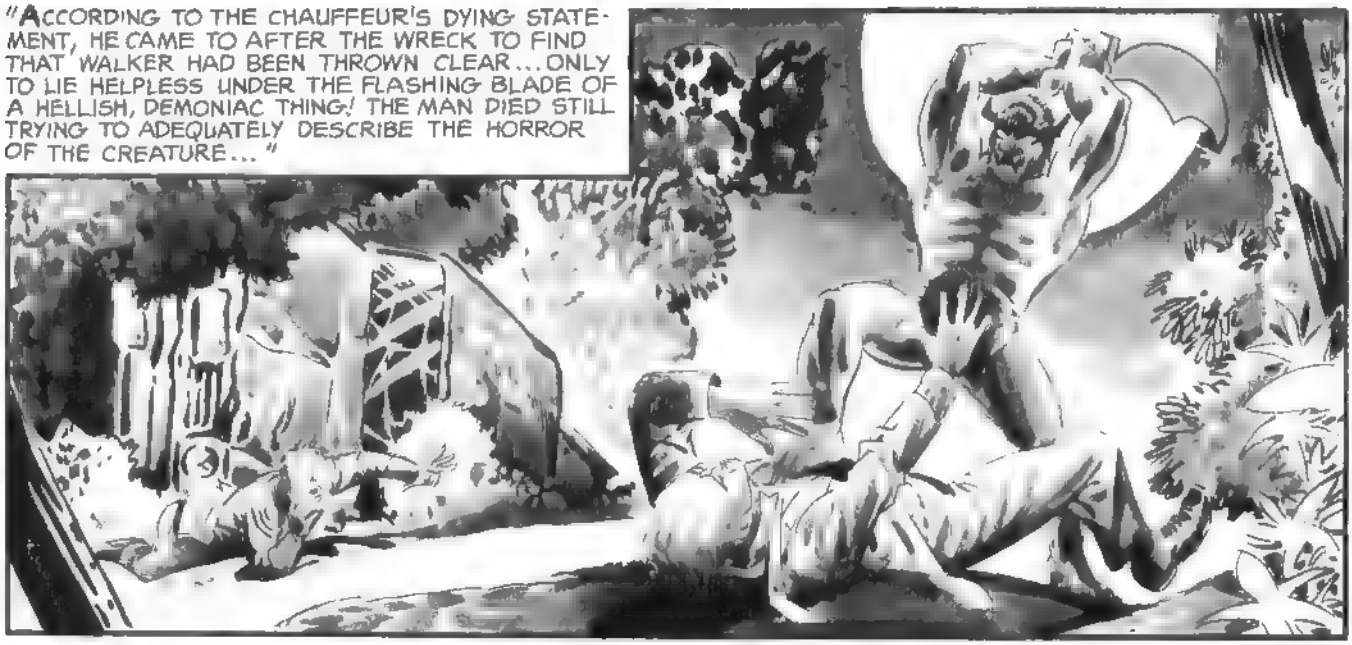
"THEY LIVED TO WISH THEY HAD NEVER GONE INTO THE ROOM! CARNABY WAS SLAUGHTERED WITH THE STOLEN SWORD, AND ITS HIDEOUS WIELDER ESCAPED, STEPPING THROUGH THE VERY WALLS!"

"MEANWHILE, NO MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES LATER, LYMAN WALKER, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM, HAVING BEEN INFORMED OF THE GUARD'S MURDER, WAS BEING DRIVEN BACK TO THE CITY..."

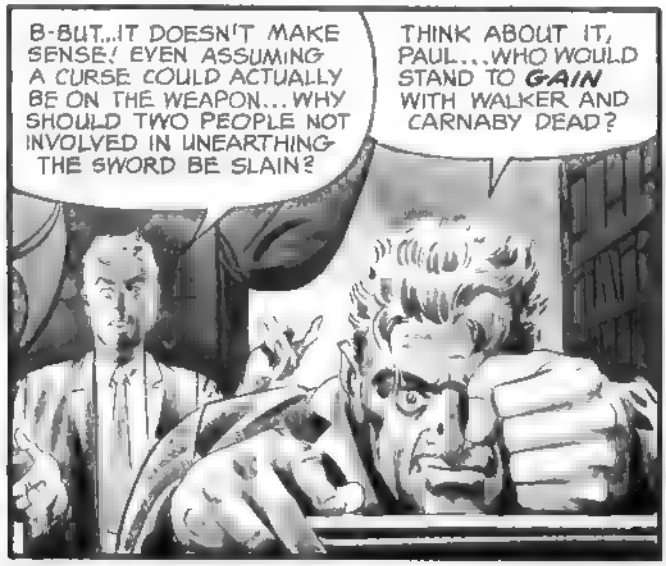
"SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE, A TERRIFYING FIGURE LOOMED UP IN THE GLARE OF THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS ... INSTINCTIVELY, THE STUNNED CHAUFFEUR SWERVED, SENDING THE CAR CAREENING FROM THE HIGHWAY..."

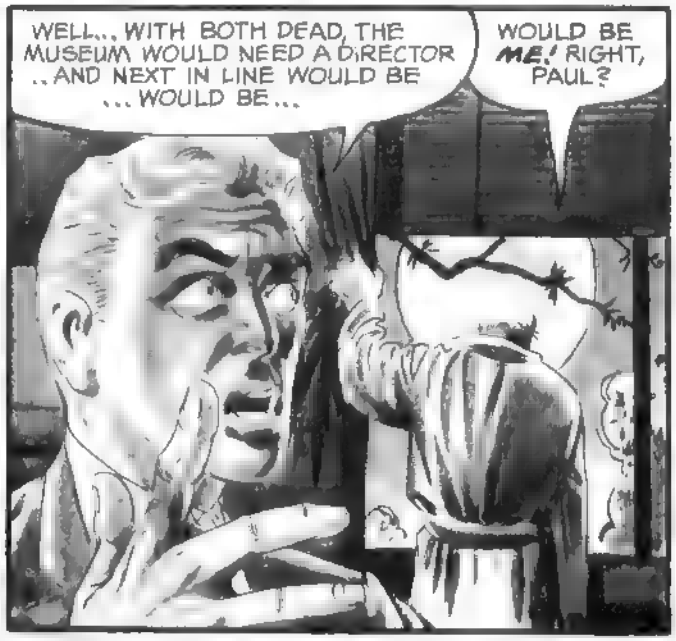


"ACCORDING TO THE CHAUFFEUR'S DYING STATEMENT, HE CAME TO AFTER THE WRECK TO FIND THAT WALKER HAD BEEN THROWN CLEAR... ONLY TO LIE HELPLESS UNDER THE FLASHING BLADE OF A HELLISH, DEMONIAC THING! THE MAN DIED STILL TRYING TO ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE THE HORROR OF THE CREATURE..."

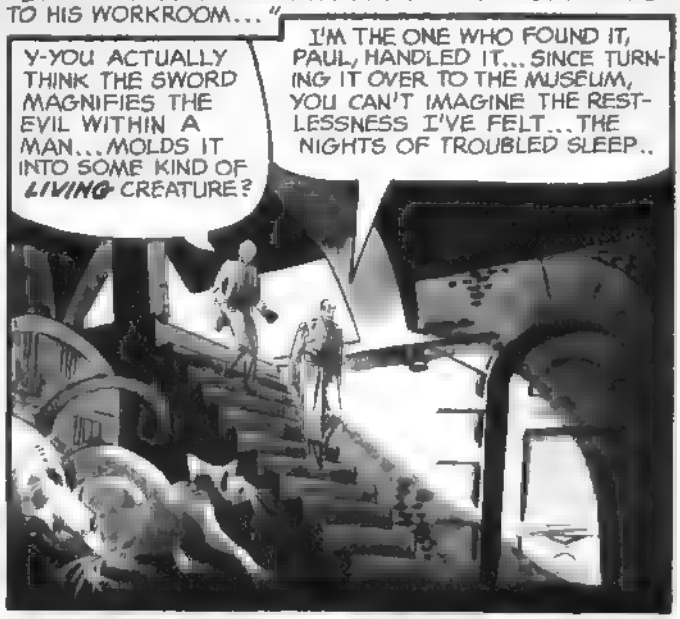


"PROFESSOR BRACE STOPPED TALKING AND A LONG MOMENT OF SILENCE ELAPSED AS I DESPERATELY SOUGHT AFTER SOMETHING TO SAY..."

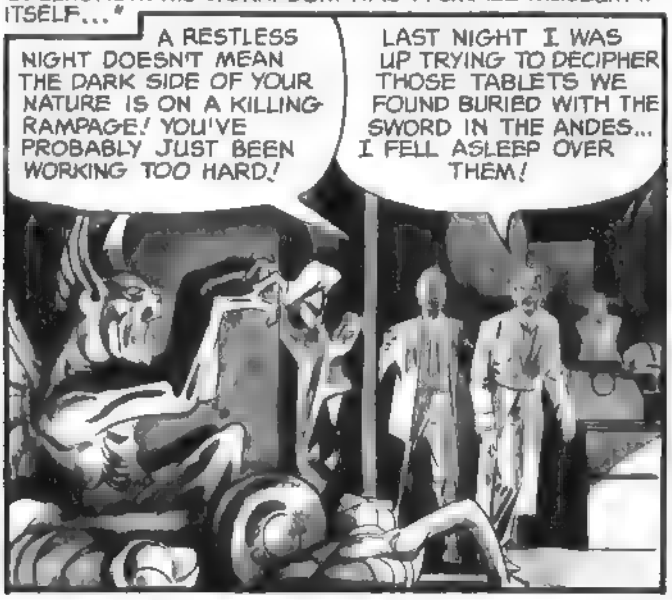




"BRACE WHEELED ABRUPTLY AND LEAD ME DOWNSTAIRS TO HIS WORKROOM..."



"OVER THE YEARS, BRACE HAD BUILT UP A FINE PRIVATE COLLECTION. HIS WORKROOM WAS A SMALL MUSEUM IN ITSELF..."

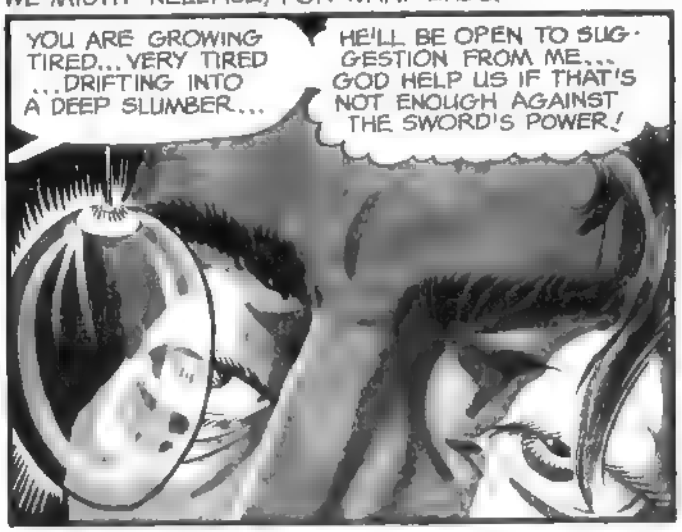


"THE DEEP CRIMSON STAINS FORMED A TRAIL LEADING OFF THE TABLE. MY GAZE RACE OVER IT TO..."

"I TURNED TO FIND THE PROFESSOR TAKING DOWN SOME ARMOR FROM THE WALL..."

"BRACE THEN SAT DOWN, CLUTCHING ARMS AND ARMOR TO HIM...

"WE HAD BOTH PLAYED WITH HYPNOTISM FOR OUR OWN AMUSEMENT, BUT NOW WE BEGAN IN DEADLY EARNEST NOT KNOWING FOR CERTAIN WHAT FORCES WE MIGHT RELEASE, FOR WHAT ENDS!"



"HARDLY HAD THE TRANCE TAKEN EFFECT THAN THE SWORD BEGAN TO GLOW WITH AN UNEARTHLY LIGHT... AND OUT OF PROFESSOR BRACE'S BODY, A THING OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL LEAPED FORWARD TO SEIZE IT!"

"AND IN ANSWER TO MY CRIES, ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARED, ASSUMING THE ARMOR BRACE HAD LEFT IN PREPARATION..."

"SO IT BEGAN ...THE GOOD AND EVIL OF A MAN LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, SWIRLING AND FIGHTING... SOMETIMES IN THE ROOM, SOMETIMES IN PHANTOM DIMENSIONS CRISS-CROSSING OUR OWN WORLD THROUGH WHICH CREATURES LIKE THESE COULD STALK AT WILL..."

"THERE WAS FAR MORE GOOD THAN EVIL IN THE PROFESSOR, IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN STRONGER...BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO ESTIMATE THE POWER OF THAT HELLISH SWORD..."

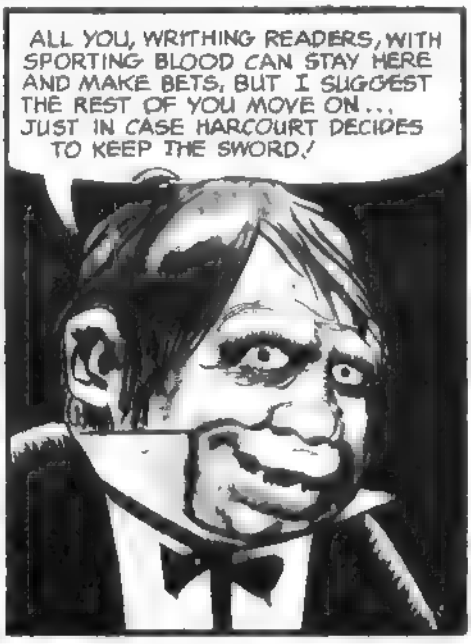
"MOST OF THE TIME I COULD NOT SEE THE COMBATANTS AS THEY FOUGHT IN OTHER DIMENSIONS, OTHER WORLDS ...BUT I COULD SEE BRACE'S TORMENTED FACE...AND I KNEW WE WERE LOSING..."

"MY VOICE GREW HOARSE WITH STRAIN AS I RAGED TO KEEP HIM GOING...TEARS OF EFFORT ROLLED DOWN THE PROFESSOR'S FACE, RED AND SWOLLEN IN THE LAST DITCH STAND AGAINST THE SWORD'S PRIMORDIAL EVIL..."

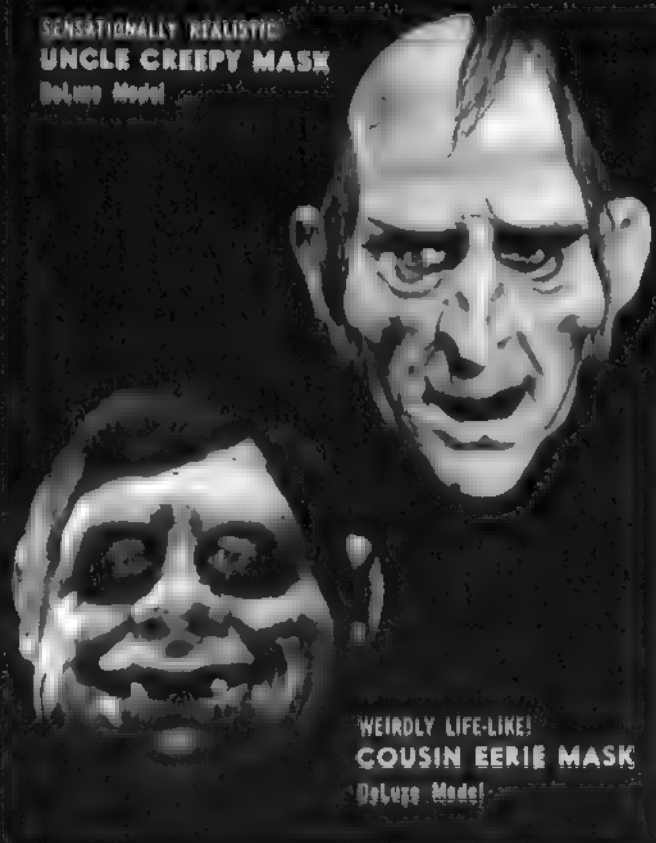
"THEN FROM THE SHADOW WORLD BATTLEGROUND CAME AN UNHUMAN SHRIEK THAT ENDED AS A CRY OF PAIN IN PROFESSOR BRACE'S THROAT..."

"HE SLID TO THE FLOOR AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED EACH WOUND OF THE BATTLE WAS UPON HIM. HIS BREATH CAME IN GASPS, BUT HIS FACE WAS SOMEHOW RELAXED..."

"AND, EYES FIXED ON THE THING THAT HAD WROUGHT HIS DESTRUCTION, PROFESSOR BRACE DIED."



Now! The most CREEPY and EERIE masks ever!



You screamed for it—and here they are! Custom masks modeled after your favorite fearmakers UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE. Created exclusively for us by Don Post Studios, these extra heavy rubber masks are hand-colored and designed to cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still be flexible. Why just read about these two MERRY MONSTERS when you can actually BE them in these weirdly wonderful masks! Send in the coupon below NOW for your crawly collector's item!

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose $_____

- ☐ Fabulous CREEPY Mask ($4.95 plus 25c postage & handling)
- ☐ Super Fantastic DeLuxe Model CREEPY Mask, with real hair. It's almost alive!! ($14.95 plus 75c for postage & handling)
- ☐ Fiendish EERIE Mask ($4.95 plus 25c postage & handling)
- ☐ Super Terrific DeLuxe Model EERIE Mask, with real hair. It's almost alive!! ($14.95 plus 75c for postage & handling)

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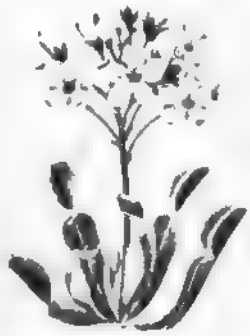
THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!



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$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!

Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at but will NOT bite off more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days after eating an insect it will reopen for more food.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00.

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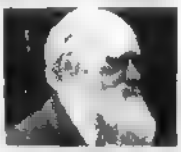

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap' from the rapidity and force of its movements is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

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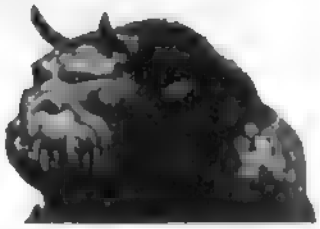

FULL COLOR PORTRAIT IS GIANT-SIZED 8"x10"

JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'IL DEMONS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

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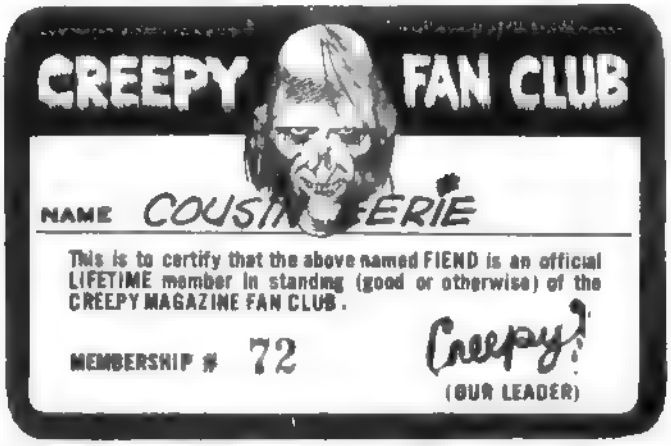

MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

FULL-COLOR PIN SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

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CREEPY FAN CLUB ● 420 Lexington Avenue New York, New York 10017

Here's my dollar for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly gear fan club going, which entitles me to a club pin, membership card and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY!

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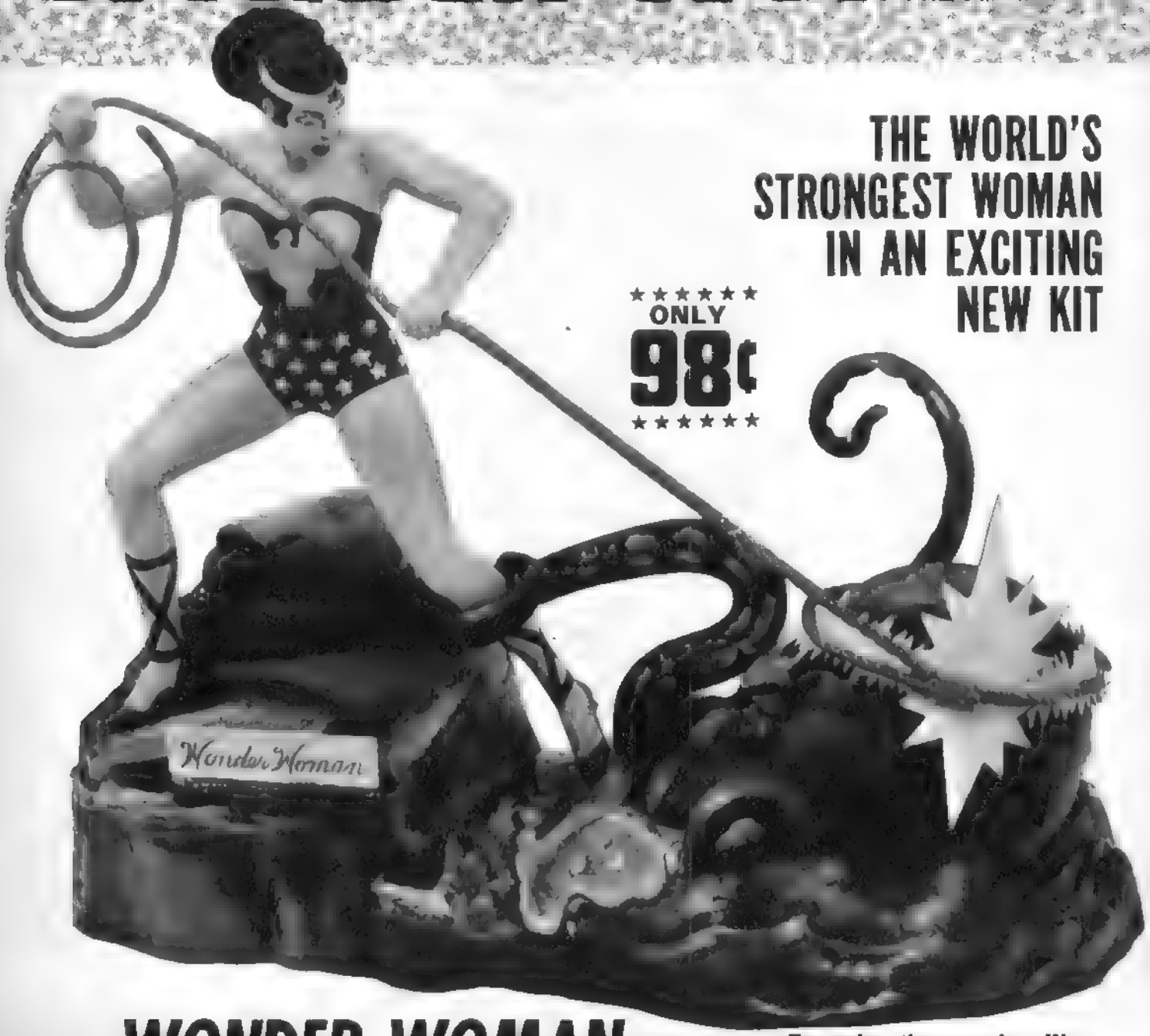
WONDER WOMAN



THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WOMAN IN AN EXCITING NEW KIT

ONLY 98¢

WONDER WOMAN

This easy-to-assemble, replica of one of the world's favorite comic book characters can now be yours. What a woman. Only 98c

Made by AURORA THE GREATEST NAME in HOBBY KITS!

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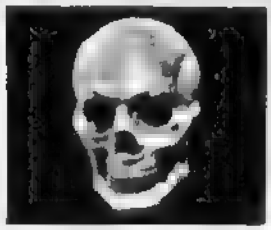

HUMAN SKULL!

- UNBELIEVABLY REAL!
- DEEPEST EYE SOCKETS!
- TOOTHY, [illegible] GRIN!

LOOK WHO'S HERE! Anyone [illegible]? Maybe not, but you'll have a w[illegible] with your own warm, loveable [illegible] bone-dry and deathly pale. And [illegible] made of tough, unbreakable plas[illegible] in color. Get one to scare frie[illegible]tives; to put on desk, [illegible]or or shelf. Then take good [illegible]are of your skull . . . it will repay you with endless hours of warm enjoyment. Send only $1.25, plus 25c for postage.

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MONSTER HAND!

SANTA NEVER SAW CLAWS like these! Fierce-looking monster hands you wear over your hands, like grotesque gloves. Tucked inside a coat or shirtsleeve, the hands look horribly natural. Have fun with your own Monster Hands. $1.50 for 1 hand; $3.00 for the pair. Add 25c per hand for postage, handling.

HUMAN SKELETON!

IS THAT WHAT WE LOOK LIKE INSIDE??? YOU CAN'T walk around in your bones. Next best thing is this HUMAN SKELETON. A feet-high model, scaled from a 6' man; made of BONE WHITE flexible Superlon. No gluing, no painting; parts snap together. Free Anatomy Chart included. Only $1.00, plus 25c shipping & handling.

YOUR OWN MONSTER FLY!

WOW! LOOK WHAT'S ON THE WALL!

- OVER 8 INCHES LONG!
- STICKS TO ANYTHING!
- CUTE AND HORRIBLE!
- SCARES EVERYONE!

Developed especially for FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE readers. Realistic, 8" size; with transparent wings, blazing red eyes, flexible black legs, green body, black veins. Suction cup in nose lets MONSTER FLY stick to anything, any time, anywhere. Want to create a Monster Sensation. Get your MONSTER FLY right away. Only $1.98, plus 25c for shipping & handling.

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YOU'RE THE MAD DOCTOR with this amazing duplicate of your physician's real hypo syringe & needle. Take "blood" tests. Give "shots." Fool everyone. Blunt, harmless needle seems to enter vein but actually rides back into syringe. Tube [illegible] to fill with victim's blood. Red liquid is built in to this safe, funny gadget. Only $1.50 plus 25c for postage & handling.

MONSTER FOOT!

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD wearing a grotesque MONSTER FOOT! Create a ghost shuffling along, monster-style. Giant size; made of long-lasting latex rubber; riotously painted. Goes on over shoe. Full price only $1.50 each foot; $3.00 for complete pair, plus 25c per foot for postage.

GRUESOME SKULL CUP!

THIS MAY KILL your thirst, but think of the fun as you die laughing, drinking from your SKULL CUP. Perfect copy of a real skull. Made of fine ceramic, with bone-like handle. Order several and have a good time with your pals. Makes milk and anything else taste better. 1 SKULL MUG . . . $1.75, plus 25c postage & handling. Set of 3, only $3.50, plus 50c for postage.

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WRAP YOURSELF in this SLITHERING SNAKE and people will admire your courage. It's a huge, 10-foot rubber snake, blows up with air and curls round and round. Good for fooling people; and even more fun when swimming, as an aid in floating. Only $1.98, plus 25c for postage, handling.

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WHAT'S IN THE BOX? Only you know and you can dare anyone to look. It's HORRIBLE HERMAN, the hideous ASIATIC INSECT. Has a fur body, scaly head, red eyes, twin tendrils. You can also make him lift his head and [illegible] around. Only 75c plus 25c for postage.

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IF IT'S TRUE that people fear bats, you'll have the time of your life when they walk in on this one. DRACULA's OWN RUBBER BAT, so real it may even scare you. Suction cup lets you put him on wall, closets, fences, beds, etc. Then have fun driving folks crazy with fear. Only 75c, plus 25c for postage and handling.

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ONLY $1.49

THE FAMOUS FIGURE OF BATMAN COMES ALIVE IN THIS FABULOUS HOBBY KIT BY AURORA—FEATURING A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED MODEL OF THE SUPERHUMAN HERO. MILLIONS OF COMIC BOOK FANS ASKED FOR BATMAN—AND HERE HE IS, READY TO DO BATTLE WITH THE ENEMIES OF JUSTICE! NO HOBBY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS LEGENDARY COMIC HERO!

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Only as Karloff can tell it . . . "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" and "RIP VAN WINKLE". A brand new record by the master story-teller of horror and mystery. In all the frightening powers of his voice with the chilling background of special sound effects, you live the great classic horror tales of the headless horseman. The night lives with terror and you sit in your room and hear the sounds and maybe if you look out your window, you'll catch a fast look at the night rider who roams the countryside. Only $1.98.

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Weird music & chilling sound effects created for 12 frightening scenes. HAUNTED HOUSE—groans, rattles & unknown sounds; SPELLBOUND — supernatural theme music; HEARTBEAT, JUNGLE FEVER, THE LONG WALK and others. Long Play Album. Only $3.98.

HORROR—THE SON OF NIGHTMARE; a classic tale of terror spoken in eerie tones with the right kind of background music. Actually hearing this story told in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits. Have your blood curdled by the tale of THE BLACK CAT, by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Only $1.98.

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On any Wednesday night in the late 30's and early 40's, when radio was king, the lights would be on in my house and the radio tuned to a program called "LIGHTS OUT," directed by Arch Obeler, whose talent scared the wits out of America with this blood-chilling series. Here is a sampler of this pioneer of horror that has never been matched. Only $5.98.

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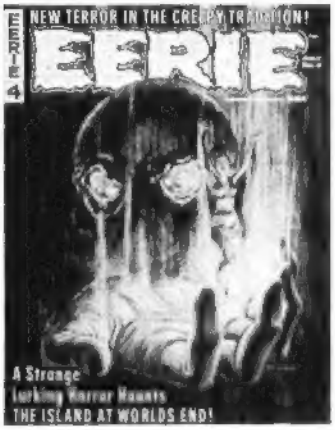

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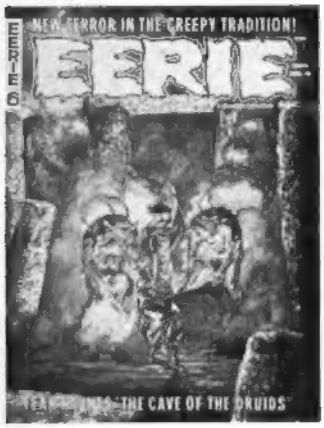

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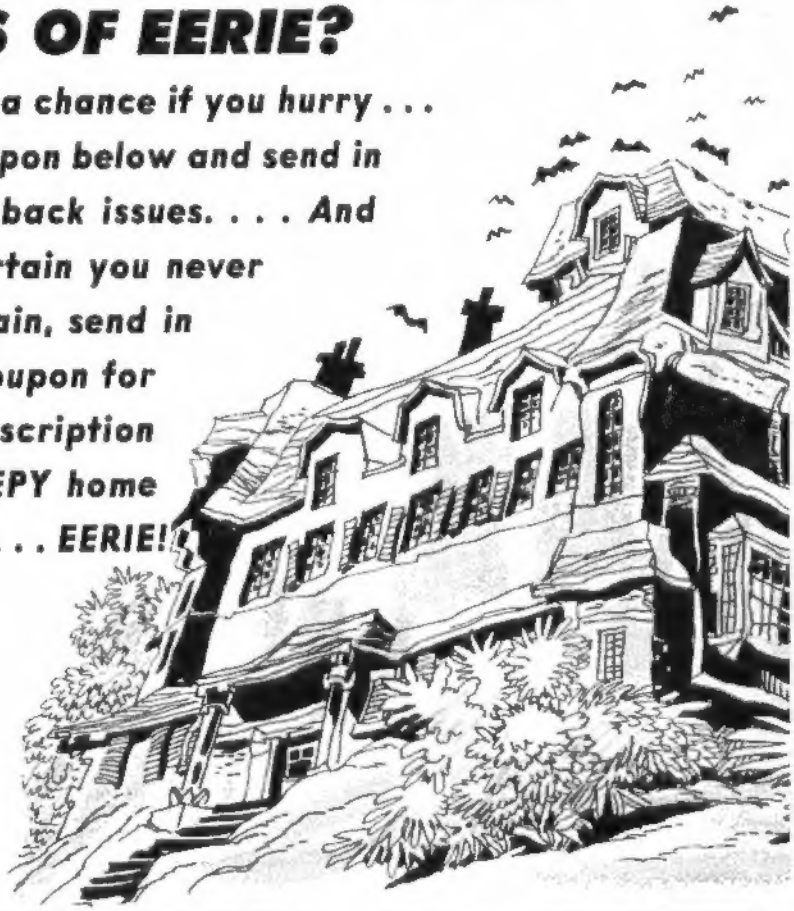

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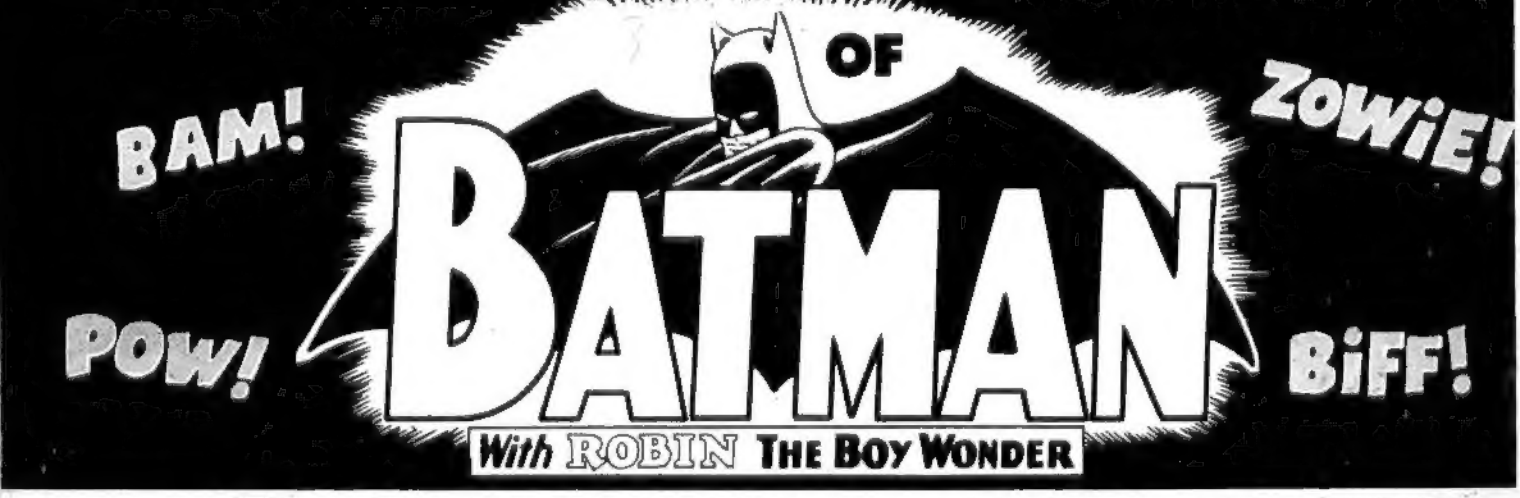

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CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carrol Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secrets himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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